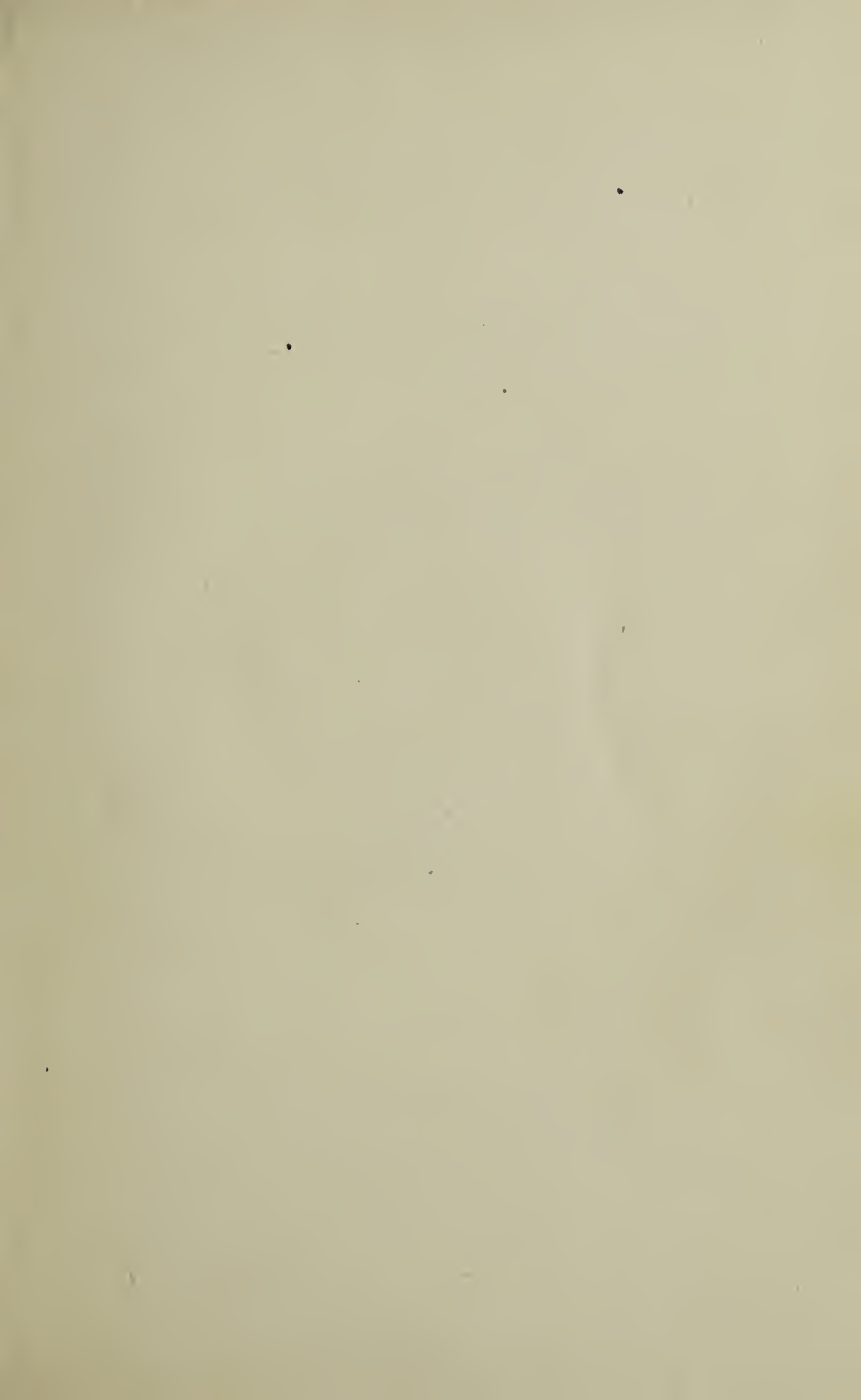


RELIGION AND WAR

WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE



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Religion and War

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FOREWORD

HAS Christianity any message to a world at war? Does true religion ever sanction war? Is there scriptural basis either for pacifism or militarism? Does the world-war mean the collapse of the church and the ultimate failure of the Christian faith? What will be the final issue of the war—a relapse into barbarism or the coming of a new and higher social order?

These questions have sorely perplexed the Christian world for the past four years. They are answered in the following lectures with a rare insight and sanity in interpreting the Scriptures and with fearlessness in facing facts. This discussion gives scant comfort either to the professional militarist or to the incurable pacifist. It affords a rational and religious basis for true patriotism, world internationalism, and triumphant righteousness.

The Mendenhall Lectures of DePauw

FOREWORD

University, to which this series of addresses belongs, was founded by the Rev. Marmaduke H. Mendenhall, D.D., of the North Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The object of the donor was "to found a perpetual lectureship on the evidences of the Divine Origin of Christianity and the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. The lecturers must be persons of high and wide repute, of broad and varied scholarship, who firmly adhere to the evangelical system of Christian faith. The selection of lecturers may be made from the world of Christian scholarship, without regard to denominational divisions. Each course of lectures is to be published in book form by an eminent publishing house and sold at cost to the Faculty and students of the University."

Lectures previously published: 1913, *The Bible and Life*, Edwin Holt Hughes; 1914, *The Literary Primacy of the Bible*, George Peck Eckman; 1917, *Understanding the Scriptures*, Francis John McConnell.

GEORGE R. GROSE,
President DePauw University.

I have felt with my native land, I am one with my
kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom as-
signed.

—*Tennyson.*

CHAPTER I

THE ATTITUDE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

RELIGION is constantly presented as the remedy for war, yet religion has usually been the prop and often the cause of war: therein lies the problem which the whole world now faces. Religion—which for the western world means Christianity—abhors and rebukes war and steadily plans to end it; yet religion in its various forms is appealed to by every warrior as his sanction and main motive power. “They that take the sword shall perish with the sword,” cries the warning voice of the Nazarene; but “Forward with God” has been the cry of every commanding general.

Surely, it is time to ask as to the relation of faith in the unseen to the sanguinary struggles that have devastated the world century after century. We may not solve the ancient enigma, but we can at least try to

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understand it. It is not enough to lament that the time is out of joint; if we can understand in some measure how the disjointing has come about, it may seem to us not a cursed spite but a sacred summons that we were born to set it right. Let us turn first to the ancient writings which are sacred to three great religions and have largely shaped the history of the last two thousand years.

The moment we open the historical books of the Old Testament we are plunged into war. More bloody narratives it would be hard to find in any records of the past. The nomad tribes of the early chapters show a fine loyalty to the cause of the tribe and the tribal god, and an absolute indifference as to the means by which that loyalty was expressed. In one of the earliest fragments of the literature, the "song of Lamech," we hear that ancient chieftain devoting the newly acquired arts of civilization to the slaughter of his neighbors and vowing a vengeance that should be "seventy and seven-fold." A little later we read of Abraham's punitive expedition against the four Mesopotamian kings, by which he rescued "all the

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goods and the women also." As soon as the Hebrews are fairly out of Egypt and en route for their promised land, they enter on a series of wars which endured for centuries, and which for pitiless severity and ruthless atrocity are unsurpassed in human history. "By war," says Jahweh "I took you." War was the method by which the wandering tribes of Israel entered Palestine, war their constant reliance for protection, for unity, for progress. And such war was usually unrestrained by any pity for age or sex, by any thought of human brotherhood or any fear of a hereafter.

Among the earliest poems preserved in literature is the magnificent song of Deborah—superb in its patriotism, its faith in the unseen, and pitiless in its taunting of a fallen foe who had been treacherously slain. The Philistine captain Sisera, weary and thirsty, had eagerly accepted Jael's proffer of sacred Oriental hospitality. When she had brought him forth milk and butter in a lordly dish, and he lay quiet in unsuspecting slumber, she drove the tent-pin through his temples, and all Israel

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greeted her as "blessed above women." The great song gloats over Sisera's downfall and his mother's sorrow, rolling the sonorous phrases as a sweet morsel under the tongue: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: Where he bowed, there he fell down dead. . . . The mother of Sisera . . . cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? . . . So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord."

The narrative which we find in the books of Joshua and Judges pictures a nomad people, a crude chaotic society, capable of noble loyalty and devotion and equally capable of appalling atrocities in warfare. Many chapters in the story are as repellent to the modern sense of justice and truth and mercy as any that can be found in recorded history. Joshua combined fine faith in the unseen with equal faith in the power and legitimacy of "frightfulness." When Jericho was captured, only one family, that of Rahab, was spared; with that exception "all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass," perished.

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Then Joshua—whose name is another form of Jesus—turned his attention to the Amorites, who had made a confederation against him. In a battle lasting all through a summer's day,—which the lost book of Jasher poetically represents as lengthened by the standing still of sun and moon—Joshua quite annihilated the Amorites. By way of striking terror to all other foes Joshua dragged out of a cave the five Amorite kings and said to his military officers: “Come near, put your feet upon the necks of these kings.” After this symbolic triumph, Joshua hanged the five kings on five trees, and then cast their dead bodies into the cave from which he had dragged the living men. Such was an Israelitish victory in the brave days of old.

In the disorganized period of the Judges, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, Gideon, the heroic chieftain, led by desire for blood-revenge for the slaying of his brothers, swooped down with his immortal three hundred upon the Midianites and put them to rout. The elders of Succoth, who had refused food to Gideon's

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“faint yet pursuing” band, he slew with all the ingenuities of Oriental cruelty. “He took the elders of the city, and thorns of the wilderness and briers, and with them he *taught* the men of Succoth”! What dark possibilities lie behind that ironic “teaching” of the men of Succoth we prefer not to imagine. The strangely mingled elements in Gideon’s character appear in the fact that while he had gone against Midian at the command of Jehovah, yet out of the spoils of the victory which he melted down he made a golden image and set it up in his own city and “it became a snare unto Gideon and to his house.”

Abimelech, the son of Gideon, slew seventy brethren, burned a fortress containing a thousand men and women, and was about to burn another when his head was broken by a millstone thrown down by an unknown woman. Samson was acclaimed a national hero, yet his only greatness seems to have been physical. Ehud slew the king of Moab by treachery, saying, “I have a message of God for thee,” and then, as the king rose to receive it, plunging a sword through the

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king's body. Yet of Ehud it was said that the Lord raised them up a "saviour." Forty and two thousand of the Ephraimites were slain by the men of Gilead when the Ephraimites failed to pass the test imposed at the fords of the Jordan and said "Sibboleth" instead of "Shibboleth."

These strange stories of mingled bright and dark, of shining faith and abhorrent cruelty, bear on their face the marks of verisimilitude. In a crude age "God's good men" were crude enough. They were the best men of their time, but the time was primitive and barbarous. They conceived their God as a tribal deity, fiercely jealous, pitilessly punishing disobedience, placated by human sacrifice, as in the case of Jephthah's daughter, a God in whose service all deeds were right if they led to victory. They readily admitted that other gods might exist, but there was only one God for them, the great and terrible Jehovah, who had said amid the thunders of Sinai: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Other gods might confer favors on the tribes who served them, but the Israelites were sure that their

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God would do far more. So Jephthah told the Moabites he was quite willing to compare the achievements of the God of Israel with those of the god of Moab: "Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So whomsoever the Lord our God shall drive out from before us, them will we possess." Thus Jehovah and Chemosh were neighboring deities, but Israel would have nothing to do with Chemosh, being convinced that Jehovah could give more victories and larger territory than all the other tribal gods of Palestine.

It is therefore clear that the sanguinary wars of the twelve tribes were not waged in spite of their religious faith, but because of it. Warfare was not a lapse from moral purpose, but was the fierce and resistless incarnation of that purpose. The people fought not in occasional forgetfulness of Jehovah, but in devout remembrance of his explicit commands. They regarded every ambush, every raid into the enemies' country, every destruction of a village, as the best possible service of their God. Nationality and religion were one. To be constantly

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ready for war was the finest proof of religious devotion. The singer who wrote,

“Blessed be Jehovah my Rock,
Who teaches my hands to war,
And my fingers to fight,”

may have belonged to a later age, but he breathed the spirit of the entire history. “Up to the eighth century,” says George Adam Smith, “the history of Israel was largely one of conquest.” The book of Judges declares that the reason why Jehovah did not drive out the Canaanites all at once, but allowed them to be only gradually exterminated, was that the Israelites might have material for constant practice in warfare.

Before going out to war, sacrifice was always offered and the oracle was consulted as to the will of Jehovah. All the conflicts of the tribes were wars of Jehovah. He was the “Lord of hosts”—a term which is explained by its accompanying phrase, “God of the armies of Israel.” The sacred ark was both the shrine of worship and the standard-bearer in war. It was carried into the

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shock of battle because it was the dwelling place of Jehovah. In the great battle with Amalek Jehovah is not only present but visibly active. We read that "Jehovah cast stones from heaven on Amalek." Hailstones, storm-winds, the lightning and the thunder frequently bore witness to the divine participation in the good fight. The prophets addressed the people before the battle, promising rich booty to every fighter, and the sweet singers of Israel gathered after the battle to praise Jehovah who had given the Israelites the necks of their enemies and enriched them with captives and spoils. Just as in Homer's Iliad the hero Achilles dragged the dead body of Hector tied to his chariot seven times around the walls of Troy and no Greek voice failed to applaud his atrocious revenge, so when the Israelites plundered the slain warriors, when they took hostages, levied enormous tribute, destroyed women carrying life unborn, razed towns so that the region was sown with salt, they never dreamed of any displeasure from their God. For his sake they did those things and of his appreciation they were sure.

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After Israel had entered Palestine the spirit of warfare was kindled afresh and the standards were scarcely higher. The occasional raids now became pitched battles, encounters in the desert gave way to the sieges of great strongholds, and the kings of Israel always possessed a standing army. Hence the war was on a larger scale and with increased brutality. Samuel and all the prophets that followed after were very clear as to Israel's duty. "In leading the war propaganda," says Professor J. M. Powis Smith, "the prophets were second to none. The existence of Israel was at stake, and with it was involved the existence of Jehovah. The god and his people must stand or fall together. The wars of Israel were the wars of Jehovah." The nation desired a king chiefly as a military leader, and by military arts was the site of Jerusalem captured from the foe and the city of Jerusalem defended throughout its history. The monarchs felt that the best defense of the kingdom was to engage constantly in offensive war, and no prophet questioned the right and the duty. Indeed, the prophets often outdid the kings

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in barbarity. Samuel's fiercest invective against King Saul was because Saul in slaughtering all the Amalekites had spared their King Agag and also saved alive "sheep and oxen and lambs." Sternly Samuel cried: "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear? . . . The Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king." Then the relentless prophet, who as a child had heard the divine voice in the silence of the tabernacle and had answered, "Here am I," called for Agag, and "Agag came unto him delicately." Then the enraged Samuel cried, "As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women," and he "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord," that is, as a gift or sacrifice to the Lord. And none in Israel questioned the anger of the prophet or the justice of the execution.

David, the man after God's own heart, was one of the moral leaders of his age. In him the warrior and the singer, the shepherd and the king, the adventurer and the administrator are finely combined, and we have a

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character unsurpassed by any hero in that age of the world. No one of Homer's men will compare with the son of Jesse in tenderness and fidelity and rectitude. But in war he was a child of his era. He seized Saul's sons and "hung them up unto the Lord in Gibeah." The cutting off of thumbs and great toes, or of heads and hands, the deportation and the torture of captives are mentioned again and again without a tremor. When David captured the royal city of the Ammonites, he did to the people things that are best left to the obscure simplicity of the archaic story. "He brought forth the people that were therein, and put them under saws, and under harrows of iron and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brickkiln; and thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Ammon." Thus proudly and without one regret does Israel record some of the deeds of the man who was believed to have written: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But the children of Ammon did not fear Jehovah, and were therefore not included in the precepts

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of compassion—so ruled the highest conscience of humanity a thousand years before Christ.

It would be a simple matter to institute a “deadly parallel” and print in adjoining columns the worst barbarities of modern warfare, and those committed in the wars of ancient Israel. We need only notice that many passages in the ancient book of Judges are startlingly like extracts from the reports of Lord Bryce on atrocities in Armenia and in Belgium. Listen to this: “They beat down the cities, . . . they stopped all the wells of water, and felled all the good trees: only in Kir-haraseth left they the stones thereof.” And how sadly modern is this: “Joshua drew not his hand back, . . . until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai. . . . Behold, the smoke of the city ascended up to heaven, and they had no power to flee this way or that way: . . . and Joshua burnt Ai, and made it an heap forever, even a desolation.” And the heart of the modern Turk might seem to speak through the Hebrew psalmist who wrote, “The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth

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the vengeance: he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.”

The Deuteronomist puts into the mouth of Israel's early lawgivers words that seem to have been copied from proclamations recently posted in Dinant or Louvain: “When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, . . . thou shalt . . . save alive nothing that breatheth.”

So old and so new, so utterly antiquated and so completely modern is the spirit of nationality clothing itself in the garb of religion, and the power of religion to arouse the deepest passions and energies of humanity.

It is instructive to compare the following passages: “Thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly, and all that is therein, and the cattle thereof, with the edge of the sword. And thou shalt gather all the spoil of it into the midst of the street thereof,

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and shalt burn with fire the city, and all the spoil thereof every whit, for the Lord thy God: and it shall be an heap forever: it shall not be built again.¹ “Beginning with to-day, no more prisoners are to be taken. All prisoners are to be put to death. The wounded, whether armed or not, are to be put to death. Prisoners, even when they are organized in large units, are to be put to death. No living man is to remain behind us.”²

Compare again the utterance of religious leaders more than a thousand years before Christ with the utterance of certain Christian ministers in the twentieth century. “The children of Israel inquired of the Lord: . . . Shall I yet again go out to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother, or shall I cease? And Jehovah said, Go up, for to-morrow I will deliver them into thine hand. . . . And the men of Israel turned again upon the children of Benjamin, and smote them with the edge of

¹ Deut. 13.15, 16.

² Order of the day, issued by General Stenger, commander of the 38th Brigade, August 26, 1914.

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the sword, as well as the men of every city, as the beast, and all that came to hand: also they set on fire all the cities that they came to.¹” “Ye shall be his warriors, called to a costly crusade against barbarism and cunning, bestiality and fraud. . . . Brethren, make an end of this generation of vipers with German blows and German thrusts. So deal with foes who like highwaymen have set upon us that they may never again be tempted to attack German men.”²

Or compare once more a terrible Hebrew poem of vengeance with still more terrible verses published in 1914. The Hebrew utterance carries us back to the ingenious cursing of Oriental races in far distant times: “Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg: . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children. Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out. Let the iniquity of his fathers

¹ Judg. 20. 27sq.

² Pastor Johann Rump, of Berlin.

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be remembered with the Lord; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out. . . . When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and *let his prayer become sin.*"¹

The modern poem written by Heinrich Vierordt in 1914 is just as explicit in details and identical in spirit:

“O Germany, hate! Salvation will come of thy wrath.

Beat in their skulls with rifle-butts and with axes. These bandits are beasts of the chase, they are not men.

Let your clenched fist enforce the judgment of God. . . .

Afterward thou wilt stand erect on the ruins of the world,

Healed forever of thine ancient madness, And of thy love for the alien.”

In such verses, and in scores of others like them, we see clearly that the religion of some modern nations is simply and avowedly the religion of Joshua and Gideon, and professes no advance on the creed of the Hebrew tribes who in the name of their Deity saved alive nothing that breathed. The only

¹ See Psalm 109.

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difference is that Israel sinned in darkness while modern men sin against light.

Here let us digress to make two remarks. The first is that though it is quite natural to reproach ancient religion with the incitement to so many wars, it is at least to the credit of the Hebrew religion that it did incite to something. Religion clearly manifested itself in very brutal fashion in the far centuries before Christ, but it was at least a power to be reckoned with. It was never a spectator of life's drama, never a neutral in the great contests of humanity. It may have been—it often was—utterly mistaken in its view of what was right, but never for a moment did it admit that right and wrong come out at the same place in the end. It was never an invertebrate and languid desire for a better world, but a determined and aggressive attempt to better the world we have. The religion of the Pentateuch was at times crude and violent, but it was at least more vital and achieving than a set of propositions or a hope for a good time coming. It was a positive and achieving force. It mightily stirred up the old world, as when a great

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wind stirs up the ocean, bringing to light mire and dirt as well as pearls and sunken treasures. It is to the credit of Israel's religion that it exposed and roused and energized Israel's soul. While the Hebrew religion did stir the cruder passions of men, it also gave them a sense of brotherhood and a vision of the eternal righteousness which lifted them little by little into the light of a new day. Their God at least was real and active on the side of right. This conviction made the Hebrew prophets the moral leaders of their time—and of all other times as well.

The other remark is this: the modern criticism of the Old Testament has enabled us to view all the fierce "wars of Jehovah" with no loss of theistic faith. A thousand difficulties that pressed upon the church in the days of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll are now gone forever. The "mistakes of Moses" trouble no one to-day. When forty years ago the Bible was seen as a solid block of revelation, every sentence divinely uttered, as a single book without inner development of thought, the wars of Jehovah

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were a burden grievous to be borne. The only explanation offered by the old commentaries is that the Amorites and the Hivites and the Jebusites deserved to be killed off anyway, and that since God commanded the slaughter, we his subjects have no right to question his action. Such an answer was a mere evasion and an incentive to doubt. It was not even up to the level of Abraham's perception when he declared that even "the judge of all the earth shall do right."

But modern Biblical study has relieved us of this provocation to skepticism. It has taught us that the early moral development of every nation includes barbarous codes of duty which none the less have tremendous sanctions behind them. It has shown us that the prophets were right in regarding their highest moral perceptions as a "Thus saith the Lord," even though later ages should declare that the law was given merely because of the hardness of their hearts. Israel never received a divine command to slaughter "everything that breatheth," but Israel did receive command to oppose the foulness of surrounding idolatries and cleave unto its

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own real God, and the only way of doing this appeared to be the method then adopted by every human tribe—the method of ruthless extermination. Wrong in their method, they were gloriously right in their cause. Cruel in their means, they were nobly loyal in their end. Jehovah did love Israel, did hate Chemosh, did summon David from following the flocks, and did say to that age and all ages to come: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”

But is this all that we can say regarding the Old Testament attitude toward war—that it allowed and encouraged and commanded hostility toward all outside the chosen race? Far from it. In the later documents of the Old Testament we find the dawning of a new light which shines still brilliantly across the Christian era. In the later prophets there are voices that proclaim a noble universalism, that affirm Jehovah to be the God of the whole earth, and strive to lift Israel out of its narrow particularism and make it a light-bearer to the nations. The early prophets who saw in Jehovah only a jealous tribal Deity, who believed the con-

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finer of Israel to be the boundaries of his love, who saw no means of propaganda save military invasion and no mission for Israel save through the extermination of her foes, failed utterly to save Israel from continual dangers which ultimately issued in national subjugation and exile. The sword of Gideon and Samuel and David and Solomon led the nation to transitory triumphs which were ended by the sword of Assyria.

The later writings of the Old Testament show a double tendency. Some of them still cling to the old narrow particularism, while others lead the people into a truly international horizon and a world-wide conception of religion. The book of Esther, which does not even mention the name of God, is as nationalistic as the book of Judges. Its charming picture of woman's fidelity to her race is nevertheless filled with the exclusiveness and relentlessness of a narrow sect. The absence of God from this book means the absence of humanity. Ezekiel in his glowing visions of a reestablished ceremonial includes several "hymns of hate"—against Ammon and Moab and Edom. His denunciation of

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Tyre, that "sat at the entry of the sea, the merchant of many peoples unto the isles," is a magnificent piece of Oriental invective which thrills every reader to-day. But her traffickers and pilots and mariners are to him beyond the pale of human sympathy or divine help.

But side by side with these writings we find books almost Christian in their outlook. The book of Jonah might well be in the New Testament. Its great message of the universality of God's love has been sadly obscured by futile discussion regarding the anatomy of the sea monster. But its real function is to show us how a narrow sectarian prophet, sent against his will to convert a city far outside of Israel, is led by forces beyond his ken into the proclamation of a love that is "broader than the measure of man's mind," and a Divine Providence that includes not only all Ninevites but "also much cattle." Those last three words in the book were two thousand years ahead of their time.

The little book of Ruth takes us quite outside the borders of Israel into a family of the despised people of Moab. As we see the fair

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young Moabitess standing "amid the alien corn," we feel at once how petty was the scorn of Israel for its neighbors, how futile the barriers that hatred had erected between the two peoples. Thousands of Christian exiles have repeated her words, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," as if they had come from some Christian apostle.

But it is the writing prophets of the later period and the singers of the later psalms who are the true internationalists. Elijah was plainly and simply a nationalist. His duty was to rebuke one king, his mission was to slay the false prophets of a single kingdom. Elisha was similarly bounded in horizon and felt no call to any work beyond Israel's narrow walls. But the prophecies now grouped under the name of Isaiah glow and throb with a vaster vision. In the earlier chapters of Isaiah we read of "an altar to Jehovah in the midst of the land of Egypt," and of the coming day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

But it is in the second Isaiah that we find

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the prophet dilating with marvelous wealth of imagery on the universal rule of Jehovah and his direct and personal relation to all the peoples of the world. The old exclusiveness of Joshua and Samuel and Elijah has quite vanished, and we hear new words, like the strains of a morning song: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that . . . publisheth peace." And that peace is to be so deep and broad as to include even the beasts of the field and the humblest plant. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree." Jehovah is no longer a local Deity, but "the God of the whole earth shall he be called." Israel's horizon must be pushed out: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations." The old ceremonial feasts and fasts are no longer needful, they are even disdained by the prophet: "To spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?" Henceforth a different standard is to prevail: "Let the oppressed go free, . . . and break

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every yoke, . . . and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." The petty complicated ceremonial of the older days gives way to the broad ethical demands of the new prophecy. Israel was no longer the monopolist of divine favor but "a witness to the peoples." Israel was saved to serve. The nation was elected, not because of its deserts, not through any caprice of the divine will, but purely as a missionary nation, a people chosen for a world-wide service. Instead of boasting of divine favors Israel should be humbled by the divine summons to serve mankind.

Hence the prophet addresses other nations, Egypt and Tyre and Babylon, with a new note in his message. He has sympathy for those foreign peoples, some admiration for their commerce, their civilization, their manufacture. The great prophet of the exile sees the wholesweep of human history as divinely directed, and foretells a

. . . divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

The splendor of the material possessions of

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other nations does not anger him, as it would have angered the early prophets. Their beautiful fabrics, their fragrant spices, their precious stones are all to be made tributary to the one great kingdom that Jehovah shall establish. Though the center of that kingdom shall be at Jerusalem, yet it is a Jerusalem so transformed and glorified that it is made the spiritual "mother of us all."

Now we can see why it has been said that "the idea of a *Weltgeschichte* dates from Isaiah." Everywhere in his sublime chapters there is the sense of universal law pervading human life. He does not appeal to any miracles, but to the inevitable sense of God in human history. "Jehovah sitteth on the circle of the earth," and the whole historic process is the revelation of his immanent presence. Hence a monarch so far outside Israel as the Persian Cyrus becomes the divine messenger, and Jehovah says, "I have raised him up." Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Tyrian—all are included in the resistless sweep of the divine purpose, and the history of the whole world is Jehovah's judgment on the world. No land shall es-

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cape his justice and no people be placed outside the circle of his love.

✓ We see, then, how the Old Testament, beginning with the dark barbarities of blood-revenge and tribal warfare, and depicting war as the normal life of an established kingdom, finally reaches a higher level and reflects the first gleam of the coming dawn. It never wholly detaches itself from the sacred places of Judaism. Israel's religion remains a kind of Zionism still. But it does begin to see that Jehovah has many a dwelling place outside of Zion, many a follower in Persia and Egypt and the isles of the sea, and that somehow and at some time the thousand wars of old shall be replaced by the thousand years of peace.

Who does not recognize that his divine Master could be manlikely indignant? Who does not glory in those burning words of hot impatience with which Jesus showed that he could not abide the meanness of canting Pharisees and sophist Sadducees? Who has not been led into new thoughts of manly life by hearing Jesus rebuke Chorazin and Bethsaida, as well as by hearing him console and forgive the adulteress? We must not let these scenes go out of the life of Jesus. If we do, we shall forget to be indignant with meanness and oppression.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CHAPTER II

THE ATTITUDE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

IN passing from the Old Testament to the New Testament we pass from the realm of precepts to the realm of ideals. We can no longer ask, "What is written in the law?" but, rather, "What is included in the moral ideal of our Leader?" To the prosaic literalist such a transition is disconcerting and baffling. We find in the New Testament no stone tablets "graven with the finger of God," no definite commands as to kinds of seed that may be sown in our gardens, as to the architecture of a tabernacle, as to the organization of the people for worship or for labor. We have left behind us the whole network of definite precepts which covered the later life of Israel, and we find ourselves in the free air of Christian idealism. We find men no longer saying, "To the law and to the testi-

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mony," but crying with a new, strange fervor, "Let us go with Him to prison and to death." We are no longer looking back to the sharp outlines of Sinai, but forward to a visionary City of God. We find that the old minute regulation of human life in all its details has been sloughed off, and in its place we have a great passion of loyalty to an ideal embodied in a Person. If, therefore, we expect the Nazarene to tell us just when war is justified and when it is forbidden, we shall expect a vain thing. War in the New Testament is never justified and never explicitly forbidden.

A mere surface reading of the Gospels, a mere collection of proof-texts will therefore lead us nowhere. It is as easy to quote isolated texts on the one side as on the other. The Sermon on the Mount certainly forbids retaliation. It contains that simple, sweeping injunction which changed the face of the world for Tolstoy: "Resist not evil." It breathes a benediction on the peacemakers. Jesus again and again uttered sentences which seem to threaten the annihilation not only of war but of government itself. "All

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they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." "My kingdom is not of this world." "Put up thy sword into its sheath." "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other." These famous sayings, uttered without qualification, admitting neither exception nor compromise, have been for two thousand years a mitigation of human hatred, a code of action literally adopted by some religious sects, and a standing challenge to philosophers and statesmen. These difficult utterances, as Harnack tells us, have for centuries been quoted to show that either the gospel is impossible or that the church is now unchristian. Scornfully the thoughtless world speaks of the "other-cheekers." Ironically the advocates of "red blood"—which sometimes seems to mean blood that does not circulate through the brain—ask if a Christian is to be merely a "mollycoddle." Some things are hidden from the wise and prudent, though revealed to a carpenter's Son.

Jesus was born of a warlike race and in a land that still echoed with the tramp of armies. He probably saw the gleam of

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Roman spears in Galilee, and he certainly often met the Roman legions in Jerusalem. The Galilæans were always ready for military revolt. They longed to emulate the deeds of their ancestors. It would have been easy for Jesus to join the Zealots and lead an army against the Roman power. He might have become a second, and perhaps more successful, Judas Maccabæus. But he never encouraged the smallest military or political revolt. His complete renunciation of the ordinary method of revolution, his abstinence from the usual programs of political change, have often been a stumbling-block to violent reformers. Thus a reputed Chinese official wrote of Jesus: "Provincial by birth, mechanic by trade; . . . never was one worse equipped to found a commonwealth."

But if proof-texts are to be our authority, we must cite them all. There is no qualification in his clear statement, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." When the final clash came with the Roman officers, and the terrified disciples were looking for explicit direction, he gave it: "He that hath no sword,

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let him sell his garment, and buy one." No fiercer invective can be found in the whole Old Testament than the words which came white-hot and hissing from the Nazarene, when he faced those who "devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers." When he found such double-faced leaders in the forecourt of the sacred temple, he did not rely on words alone, but with a brandished whip of braided cords he drove them out and with the force of his mind and his body purified the national shrine.

Moreover, Jesus was at least respectful to a government founded on force. He paid taxes to support a tyrannical government and a recreant church, and on one occasion apparently worked a miracle in order to pay them. He uttered no condemnation of King Herod, and to the governor, Pilate, he said: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." When he came into intimate contact with the Roman centurion, he commended his faith and found no fault with the profession of a soldier, just as John the Baptist bade the soldiers be "content with their wages," but

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in no way condemned the taking of wages for performance of the soldier's task.

The balancing of proof-texts evidently yields us no result, but leaves us—as that method of research always has done—perplexed and irresolute. Our categories of “pacifist” and “militarist” do not fit the facts. As in all great spirits, there is something in Jesus that defies our labels, something that “breaks through language and escapes.” Some other method we must adopt if we would find the mind of the Master.

But if we are willing to give up the book-keeper's method of arranging texts in columns and attempting to strike a trial balance, we are set free to enter sympathetically into the ideal and purpose of our Lord. If we could look on life through his eyes, surely all his scattered sayings would lose their dissonance and melt into the “lost chord” which the struggling world so needs to recover. Because we know his temper and attitude toward life we are very sure of some things that his hard sayings cannot mean.

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Whatever the vivid, picturesque pacifist teachings of Jesus may mean, they surely do not mean moral cowardice. To find in them mere avoidance of pain and toil, mere retreat from danger, is to give the lie to his whole life. No possible array of texts could make us believe that Jesus lived in fear of either Caiaphas or Herod. It is the militarist who is in fear and therefore rattles the saber and indulges in "frantic boast and foolish word." Jesus may have been impractical when he said, "Resist not evil," but surely he was not afraid.

The hard sayings of Jesus cannot mean the passive acceptance of evil as if it were good. They cannot inculcate the duty of neutrality in the face of crying injustice and oppression. They cannot mean that the Christian is to sit on the "bleachers" of life while other stronger souls plunge into the game. They cannot be meant to praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue. They cannot mean evasion of responsibility and a weak refusal to take sides when good and evil are in deadly grapple. When we read that "Jesus looked round about him with

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anger” in the presence of the hard-hearted Pharisees, we are sure he was not a moral neuter. When he blazed forth with volcanic speech, “Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” we are sure that if he did not lay violent hands on human beings, it was not because of any indifference to their deeds.

His hard sayings cannot mean the loss of self-respect and self-reverence. Mere abasement in the presence of power, the Uriah Heep attitude, the invertebrate spirit which cries “Good Lord” and “Good devil” with equal facility, which has no convictions to express or to preserve—that we cannot for a moment attribute to Him who said of the tyrant: “It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.” The quiet dignity of Jesus before the mob and before Pilate assures us that mere self-effacement at another’s command was no virtue in his sight.

The pacifist sayings of Jesus cannot mean the abolition of all human values and the ad-

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vocacy of social anarchy. He evidently valued the home as a human institution and was loyal to it. He must have valued the carpenter's trade to which he gave so many years. He liked to watch the laborers in the vineyard, the sowers of the seed following the furrow, the fishermen casting their nets and gathering of every kind. Human labor was to him a precious thing. He never inculcated a Buddhistic closing of the eyes and relaxing of human effort. No; to any student of the life of Jesus, the saying, "Resist not evil," and all the sayings that go with it, never can mean cowardice, nor easy acquiescence in wrong, nor weak self-effacement, nor indifference to the precious things that are threatened by evil powers. It is at least good to clear the decks by casting overboard suggestions that are plainly false. We know them to be false because we know him to be true. We interpret a single saying by his entire life.

"Did Jesus approve or condemn war?" we ask. But we might as well ask, "Did he approve or condemn commerce, or taxation, or government, or science, or art, or education,

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or men and women?" What sort of commerce or government do we mean? What kind of warfare do we refer to? Economic war may be quite as disastrous as a military campaign. A modern boycott may produce far more suffering than did an ancient battle. Jesus certainly did approve some kinds of persistent aggressive resistance to evildoers. His whole life was devoted to such resistance. He flagellated the hypocrites and oppressors of the common people. His entire career was an incarnation of the precept of one of his disciples: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "Even the noble example of a Tolstoy," says Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, "cannot blind us to the fact that the Sermon on the Mount teaches no doctrine of a non-resistant God."

We cannot in our thinking separate military resistance to evil from all other kinds of resistance, because in actual life there is no such separation. Some kinds of commerce, as in Africa, have been more deadly than any war could have been. Some factory systems have drained the life-blood out of employees, and some factory towns have had in days of

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peace a larger death rate than can be found in the trenches. Certain forms of taxation have brought hunger and death to the poor and made social and moral advance impossible. Some kinds of manufacture, as formerly in the case of sulphur matches, have caused diseases as dangerous as shrapnel wounds, and some kinds of labor, as that of the underground workers in caissons, are as perilous as service in a battery at the front. The fierce competitive struggles of the industrial world have slain mute thousands who "now rest in unvisited graves."

But, it may be said, this is not what we mean by war proper, which is the application of physical force to a man's body, in order to change his mind. Yet such an application of physical force in order to restrain a man's will or change his purpose is seen whenever a policeman restrains a burglar or a squad of policemen holds a mob at bay. It is seen whenever a strong man snatches his wife or child from the grasp of a ruffian. It was seen when Christian missionaries at Peking sheltered their women from the Boxer mobs raging just outside the gate. Tolstoy is per-

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fectly logical and consistent. He sees that the condemnation of all warfare, however great may be the cause and however awful the evil which confronts us, inevitably means the refusal of the individual man to protect women and children, the weak and the helpless, from every form of physical violence, and means the total abolition of police protection and of all authoritative government throughout the world. With admirable lucidity Tolstoy has shown us the dread alternative. Either we must say that there are rare times when resistance to evil requires that a man's total personality—body and soul, reason and emotion, and hands and feet—must be flung against the evildoer, or we must say that all forcible protection of the weak is wrong and all authoritative government is anti-Christian. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the wars of the world may be evil and only evil, unredeemed by any high aim on either side. But to say that the hundredth contest is of the same complexion, and that no possible armed conflict can ever have any justice on either side, is to make the Christian teaching irrational and impossible

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—which is just what some men desire to do. We refuse a religion which makes Jesus indorse and approve all the “wars of Jehovah” or the wars of Napoleon. We equally refuse a religion which confines all resistance of evil to a closet meditation or a lachrymose lament.

There are two kinds of reformers—those who oppose the symptoms of disease and those who search for the causes of disease and seek to remove them. Both kinds are needed, but the Founder of Christianity deliberately chooses to deal with causes rather than results. In medicine the half-trained physician, when called to cure a fever, seeks merely to reduce the temperature by external applications. He knows little about the cause and cannot deal with it. But the bacteriologist, hidden in his laboratory, has no time for bags of ice or soothing lotions. He is finding the germ, determining its nature and habits, and by a single generalization may prevent an epidemic that would have taken a thousand lives. He may never see a patient or take a fee, but he may banish yellow fever from a continent. Not

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the hospital, but the laboratory, is the great need of the suffering world.

In social reform there are two kinds of workers—those who open the soup kitchen, or establish the bread line, or drop money in the beggar's hat, and those who promulgate a finer ideal of social relations and spread a new spirit throughout the social order. He who establishes a juster relation between the house of have and the house of want may win no popular applause and leave behind him no sumptuous building to bear his name; but by preventive effort he has done more to benefit the world than if he had given free luncheons in a hundred cities. Mrs. Browning, when she wrote "The Cry of the Children," did more for English childhood than if she had opened many orphan asylums. Dickens's Christmas Carol was a greater human gift than the hanging of costly presents on a thousand Christmas trees. Abraham Lincoln emancipated four million slaves without a personal attack on a single slave-driver. It is the petty mind that exhausts itself in direct assault upon a single evildoer or a single institution; it is the deep-souled,

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large-visioned leader who creates conditions in which the evildoer cannot prosper and the poisonous institution shrivels up and decays. The real leader of men deals with roots, not fruits.

Jesus did not have a word to say regarding the concrete flagrant evils which have often enlisted the stoutest efforts of his followers. Slavery elicited from him no direct protest. The method of John Brown at Harper's Ferry would have been even more hopeless in the first century than it was in the nineteenth. The publican Zacchæus was induced to repent and make restitution, but the iniquity of the Roman taxgathering received no explicit rebuke. The woman who was a sinner was received into fellowship, and her alabaster box has sent its fragrance round the world; but Jesus led no raid upon any house in which such sinners congregate. To organize a *posse* and attack one slaveholder, one extortioner, one prostitute—that is easy; that creates a great noise and is soon forgotten. But to introduce a new attitude into human hearts, which shall ultimately make these concrete evils seem futile or de-

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testable—that is the far finer work of the thinkers and saviours of humanity.

Jesus delivered a frontal attack upon race prejudice and racial arrogance, which two things have been the source of most of the wars of the world. He would conquer those insidious foes not only by verbal condemnation but by replacing them with the great conception of human brotherhood. That scorn for unlikeness, that disparagement of difference, which has often set kingdoms and races against one another, he sought to replace by a new conception of unity in variety—“to one man ten talents, to another two, to another one.” The division between Orient and Occident which has led superficial thinkers to say, “Never the twain shall meet,” he met with a glowing picture of the time when they shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south to sit down in the kingdom of God. The bitter spirit of an exclusive nationalism he condemned when he faced the Jewish leaders and cried, “God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.” He was attached to his nation and its capital. He

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could weep over Jerusalem, as the exiled Dante over Florence when he saw its ideals forsaken and its doom near. He seldom, if ever, went outside of little Palestine. But his thoughts spread out far beyond those narrow boundaries, as "a fruitful vine whose branches run over the wall." The despised Samaritan woman, condemned by race-hatred even more than by lack of character, engaged his sympathy, and their noonday conversation at the well-curb will outlast the conversations of Socrates and his friends in the Athenian jail at the hour of sunset. The Syrophœnician woman found his ear as readily as if she had been born in Nazareth. The instinctive antipathies of men, founded on peculiarities of skin and hair and accent and custom, became in the presence of Jesus childish and irrational, and all tribes and nations were potentially included in the simple statement, "All ye are brethren."

Another root of war—some would have us believe the chief one—is economic. Men fight not from mere instinctive antipathies, we are told, but from a sight of possessions just beyond their reach. The "outs" ever

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desire to be the "ins"; they will get who have the power, and the persistent cause of war is economic greed. Well, did any teacher ever deliver stronger assaults on base and debasing greed than did the Nazarene? The prophet who had nowhere to lay his head showed all men how to sit loose to possessions, how to rise superior to all physical deprivation. Aristotle believed a man could not attain the highest character without property. His "great-souled man" would lose his virtue in some measure if he lost his goods. But Jesus found models in creatures that "have neither storehouse nor barn" and in flowers that "toil not, neither do they spin." "Blessed are the poor" is a saying that men have thought it wise to dilute into "Blessed are the poor in spirit." "Woe unto you that are rich" is a passage on which we seldom deem it prudent to discourse.

As for the exactions and oppressions of human greed, Jesus could not abide them. The lust of power seemed to him both pathetic and terrible. The man who "took his fellow servant by the throat" is pilloried forever in a famous parable. "Which is the

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greatest," Jesus queried, "he that waiteth on table or he that sitteth as guest of honor? But I am among you as waiter." If war comes from greed, whether of princes or peoples, Jesus was the greatest of all the opponents of war. "Those who defend war," said Erasmus, "must defend the dispositions which lead to war, and these dispositions are absolutely forbidden by the gospel." When the Christian disposition prevails among men, they cannot fight. Their antagonistic desires are seen in process of reconciliation. Their interests may conflict at the surface, but below them is a deep and permanent unity, as of trees whose branches chafe and clash in the wind, but whose hidden roots are intertwined. If the world-order which Jesus desired and foretold could be introduced on earth, all wars would automatically and inevitably cease.

But it is said that Jesus did not foresee the long evolution of humanity and hence did not provide for the age-long conflicts which human progress involves. He expected the end of the age was to come at once, and therefore his ethics is "end ethics"—the

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peaceful exhortations of a man who did not think it worth while to revolt. In other words, as M. Wilfred Monod has said, "Jesus is a Noah who is mistaken as to the time of the deluge and to whom therefore the ark is worthless." Certainly John Stuart Mill did not believe in the imminent ending of the world, yet he said: "Not even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." ¹

There can be no greater fallacy than to suppose that an ethical system must be abandoned if there be discovered any error in the founder's time-table. "Of that day and hour knoweth no man . . . not even the Son," said Jesus, but his ignorance of the time could make no essential difference in his fundamental attitude toward life. "If Jesus expected," writes Professor Shailer Mathews, "that the Kingdom would be established by catastrophe—and after all legitimate allowance is made for apostolic coloring

¹ THEISLI, p. 235.

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in the reports of his words, it is not improbable that this was in his expectations—such a catastrophe was not central in his teachings.”¹ It is right to do right, whether we work in the morning hours or are facing an evening sky. Justice, truth, and love do not depend on how many minutes the hour-glass has to run. When Francis of Assisi, playing a game of chess, was asked what he would do if he knew the Lord would come again that night, he answered: “Finish the game; for his glory I began it.” Christ’s eschatology may not have been ours; on that the record is not clear. Probably he did expect a speedier end of the age than we can expect. But his eschatology could not transform his ethics. He did not know the times or the seasons, but he did know the purpose and the goal of life; he did know the character which can alone save individuals from greed and envy and save nations from fratricidal strife.

We must never abandon the teaching of Jesus merely because it seems impossible. Such teaching is quite impossible on the lower

¹ The Gospel and the Modern Man, p. 253.

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levels of existence. It appears fantastic indeed to the hard-headed men who have reduced all life to physical terms, all history to a struggle of beasts "that tear each other in the slime," and all politics to the precepts of Machiavelli. How should men living in the basement see the horizon that is visible from the roof or the watchtower? "If life," says Professor P. T. Forsyth, "be a comedy to those that think, and a tragedy to those that feel, it is a victory to those that believe." Without the capacity to believe in ideals and by believing make them come true no nation can rise above barbarism. With belief in the Christian ideal of humanity any nation may rise into a region where war shall seem the crowning absurdity and horror, never to be undertaken until all other kinds of resistance have been explored to the uttermost and all possible modes of reconciliation have been exhausted. Then if war must come, and again the whip of small cords must be braided, and again the temple purified, it will be with a "Father, forgive them," that we strike.

We need not dwell long on the remainder

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of the New Testament, since the ethics of the apostles is necessarily derivative and subordinate to the ethics of Jesus. Out of Paul's numerous references to the soldier's life, to governments, to slavery and to social problems we find it again difficult to construct a single consistent formula. His was surely a flaming spirit, intense, impetuous, sweeping resistless to its goal. He appreciated to the full the soldier's equipment and attitude. The whole armor of God is described piece by piece and with evident enjoyment of effective weapons. "A good soldier," "a man that warreth"—such is his ideal of the Christian. He was on excellent terms with the chief captain and the soldiers who rescued him from the mob in Jerusalem and with the centurion in whose charge he sailed from Cæsarea for Rome. Nowhere does he by any act or word reflect upon the soldier's life as an unrighteous calling. Facing governors and kings who were supported by Roman might and accompanied by full-armed troops, he seems to have accepted the use of force as essential to government. In all his long journeys he was under the pro-

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tection of the Roman power and always speaks with respect of constituted authority.

And in his epistles he goes so far in reconciling himself with the imperial power that he may easily be misconstrued. "Fear God, honor the king," "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man," "The powers that be are ordained of God"—these sayings have been highly esteemed by every absolute monarch in Christendom. We do not hear of Paul's rebuking Festus or King Agrippa, as Nathan rebuked David or Elijah threatened Ahab. The great leaders in the assertion of human liberty have gone to the rugged Old Testament prophets for example and inspiration, rather than to the urbane New Testament apostle.

Yet, on the other hand, he declined, as did Jesus, to rely on physical force as essential to the achievement of moral ends. Amid perils of robbers and perils in the wilderness and perils among false brethren he went apparently unarmed. "Our weapons are not carnal," he wrote to Corinth. "As much as in you lieth," he said to the Romans, "be at peace with all men." "Now ye also put off

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all these: anger, wrath, malice, . . . put on . . . meekness, humbleness of mind, long-suffering"—so he wrote to Colosse. He has much to say on the endurance of evil with patience and serenity. Though a Hebrew of the Hebrews, he cannot brook a narrow nationalism. Greek and Jew, Barbarian and Scythian, are all the same in God's sight. The real Israelites are not all born in Israel. The sturdy Roman officers, the polished students of Tarsus and Antioch, the barbarous people on the island of Malta—he could associate with them all on terms of true equality.

Paul's treatment of the runaway slave Onesimus has proved a stumbling-block to all those who demand authoritative precepts rather than inspiring ideals. It would have been easy to arm the slave against his master and bid him defend his new-found liberty. It would have been a simple matter to gather groups of Christian slaves and train them for self-defense. To incite revolution in the streets of Jerusalem and in the catacombs of Rome would have been vastly easier than to preserve the poise of one who deems the liber-

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ation of the spirit far more important than physical release. To deserve and preserve the respect and courtesy of the Roman magistrates, and at the same time preach a doctrine which must ultimately unseat them, abrogate their laws and destroy their empire—that was the task and the achievement of the apostle to the Gentiles. Perhaps his attitude may be interpreted by that of the great French writer, Romain Rolland. Driven out of France by popular disapproval because he tried to believe in and express a human brotherhood which might survive the present war, he quietly took up his abode in Switzerland. There he continued to speak as a Christian of the first century might have spoken when the legions of Cæsar were flashing their eagles in the sun. Before the war had begun he wrote words which should never be forgotten: “I am not a soldier in the army of force; I am a soldier in the army of the spirit. . . . I will not be a party to hatred. I will be just to all my enemies. In the midst of passion I wish to preserve the clarity of my vision, to understand and love everything. . . . Hatred is more deadly

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than war, for it is an infection produced by its wounds, and it does as much harm to him it possesses as to him it pursues.”

The epistles of Peter and James and John are full of this spirit of reconciliation, of brotherhood, of world-wide democracy. They are stern and uncompromising with evil, but they suggest no social or political agitation. The Apocalypse contains many pictures of mighty combat in the well-known style of such writings, and we cannot at this distance determine the meaning of the lurid visions. But we know that out of the conflicts comes victory over the beast, and the peace and joy and song of a celestial city. The nations of the earth are to bring their honor and glory through many gates into the one city, and

“Forget long hates in one consummate love.”

Our study of the New Testament shows us, then, that Christianity abhors and rejects war as a settlement of disputes or a means of progress. It knows a finer, nobler way of reaching momentous decision. It cannot condone deception, theft, maiming, murder, because these things are done in uniform and

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to the waving of gorgeous banners. It strips off the tinsel and the gold lace from warfare and shows us the horrid savagery which too often is done in the name of justice and mercy. Yet Christianity has no opposition to governments maintained by force or to the protection of weakness by strength. It bids us resist the devil and all his works, and that resistance may demand the total personality, soul and body, of a man or a nation. The individual may be forced to repel a burglar by descending for a moment to the burglar's physical level and using the burglar's own weapons. But if the individual stops there, he merely becomes like the intruder he would repel. If he be true citizen, much more true Christian, he will at once proceed to overcome the evildoer with good. He will lay plans to reclaim and reform him and receive him back some day into genuine human fellowship. America followed that method when it sent its troops to repel the infuriated Boxers, and later sent back a huge indemnity fund and offered to educate Chinese students in its own schools and colleges. To shoot was needful to preserve life, but to pass beyond

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shooting into educating was necessary to preserve the Christian ideal of the nation. We must let loose on the world the resistless transforming forces of Christian love.

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For the government of the United States to offer no impediment to the government of Germany in its ravishment of Belgium, its sinking of the Lusitania, its torpedoing of hospital ships, its deportations and mutilations, would make the United States an accomplice in these crimes. For two and a half years we tried to impede by written protests. Then we began to realize that our words were as idle tales to Germany unless we could act as well as talk. We realized that our speech was insincere and our indignation but feigned unless we should oppose the total force of our people—moral, social, financial, physical—to the monstrous Thing that was trampling down the weak peoples of Europe. Such opposition is not merely permitted, it is demanded, by Christianity.

But Christianity can never stop with mere opposition to evil. It seeks to overcome the evil with good, and ultimately to incorporate the evildoer again in the circle of humanity.

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The state wins a war when it has administered a military defeat. Christianity never wins until it has changed the mind and heart of the enemy. It uses physical force as the necessary means to a moral triumph. It looks beyond the capture of guns and men to the defeat of the lust for world-dominion, and to the establishment of the principle that greatness among nations, as among individuals, is measured simply by capacity and willingness to serve in the cause of all humanity.

Love is never weak submission to wrong. "Of course mere pacifism is not Christianity. A nation that wished to test Jesus' faith in love would have to do more than refuse to fight."¹ Such a nation would have to clothe itself in a passionate devotion to human welfare which would be a true "*Flammenwerfer*," throwing afar its heat and light. It would have to be as enthusiastic in service as others have been in conquest. It would dare to show collectively and on a vast scale the very virtues that we prize most in a single

¹ Soares, "Social Institutions and Ideals of the Bible," p. 354.

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human being. It would dare to accept Christ's ideal at any cost and live it out. It would amaze the world and become the pioneer of human progress. It would show the world that the song once heard over Bethlehem may yet become the international anthem of humanity.

“Rejoice, O world of troubled men,
For peace is coming back again.

.

And men will wonder over it,
This red upflaming of the pit,
And they will gather as friends and say:
‘Come let us try the Master’s way.
Ages we tried the way of swords,
And earth is weary of hostile hordes:
Comrades, read his words again,
They are the only hope for men.
Love, and not hate, must come to birth,
Christ, and not Cain, must rule the earth.’ ”¹

¹ Edwin Markham.

Secret retributions are always restoring the level, when disturbed, of the divine justice. It is impossible to tilt the beam. All the tyrants and proprietors and monopolists of the world in vain set their shoulders to heave the bar. Settles evermore the ponderous equator to its line.

—*Emerson.*

Keep yourself easy, for all things are governed by the universal nature. Besides, you will quickly go the way of all flesh, as Augustus and Hadrian have done before you.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

CHAPTER III

THE PACIFISM OF THE RATIONALISTS

SITTING in my library by the light of the evening lamp, I sometimes gaze up at the crowded shelves and ask what all those dead authors had to say on the great problem of war and peace. Quietly the books now repose side by side, but as regards this great problem their writers were often as far asunder as the east is from the west. Which of them were against war, as a calamity and absurdity, and which of them regarded war as a necessity for the discipline and education of the nations? Which of the thinkers, dreamers, prophets, poets, were truly international in their world-view, and which of them were egoistic, provincial, chauvinist, anti-Christian? Who have been the protestants and who the apologists?

When we ask that question we come at once upon a startling paradox. The great

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advocates of the substitution of reason for force, the great believers in international amity and cooperation, have often been rejecters of the Christian faith, and the prophets of that faith have often been the ardent apologists of war. On the serried shelves we can see the works of August Comte and Hume and Rousseau and Buckle and Herbert Spencer, pleading for the enthronement of reason above force, denouncing war as a brutal survival of the past; and beside them are the writings of many ecclesiastics from all Christian churches, affirming that, in the last analysis, government always rests upon force, and that Christian nations can never by any advance in character or legislation escape the final appeal unto Cæsar. The chief prophet of a necessary change from a militant to an industrial civilization is Herbert Spencer, while the classic defense of war is the famous sermon of Canon Mozley.

Even to-day the loudest voices in the cause of world peace are usually the non-Christian voices. It is Jean de Bloch, the Jew, who has with great skill shown the economic futility of subjecting national disputes to

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the adjudication of gunpowder. It is Felix Adler and Jacob Schiff who have punctured the sophistries of force often more effectively than priests and bishops. The socialists on Boston Common—whose social-philosophy, if they have any, I reject—are sometimes displaying more sympathy with the dreams of primitive Christianity than are we who have learned by skillful exegesis to explain those dreams away. In some of the so-called “radical” publications we often find more convinced advocacy of international concord and organization than in the average “religious” weekly. Here is the challenging paradox—that the chief opponents of war in the last two hundred years have been men having no visible alliance with the creeds or the institutions of the Christian religion.

Of course there are exceptions to any such general statement. Tolstoy has disturbed the world precisely because of his union of pacifism and Christianity. Wicklif and George Fox so far returned to the primitive faith that they condemned all appeal to force as unchristian. Whittier gave the Christian faith a pacific interpretation, as the Quakers

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have always done. Dr. Channing pleaded with far-reaching voice for the rejection of the philosophy of force as the basis of human society. It is also true that some men—for example, Friedrich Nietzsche—have rejected both Christianity and world-peace, and for the same reason. But in spite of conspicuous exceptions it remains true that the strongest pleas for law in place of war have come from thinkers who profess little sympathy with historic Christianity. Richard Cobden, whose motive power was humanitarian rather than religious, was ever pleading for the peaceful expansions of commerce, while Mazzini, fired with deep religious faith, urged every nation to stand with its total military force for the rights of the weak and defenseless throughout the world. Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Ruskin have all agreed with John Milton in finding room in Christianity for the calling and virtues of the soldier. The leaders of the Church of England to-day have no question as to the rightness of some wars. But the two most eminent opponents of war now living in England, John Morley and Bertrand Russell, stand voluntarily aloof from organ-

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ized religion. What are the reasons of this disappointing alignment?

One reason is obvious. If war is in essence irrational, then the rationalists should be everywhere arrayed against it. We use the word "rationalist" in no invidious sense. It is a term of description only. By a rationalist we mean one who regards the world as entirely explicable through the ordinary reasoning processes, and therefore has no use for the mystical, the subconscious, the supernatural. We do not mean to describe a set of beliefs or unbeliefs, but an intellectual tone and temper. Thus W. E. H. Lecky speaks of "the spirit of rationalism; by which I understand not any class of definite opinions or criticisms, but rather a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has during the last three centuries gained a marked ascendancy in Europe." And in the same connection he says, "To those who would investigate the causes of existing opinions, the study of predispositions is much more important than the study of arguments."¹

¹ Rationalism in Europe, pp. 14, 16.

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The rationalistic temper is, of course, revolted by the ever-recurring spectacle of nations at war, because war itself is a species of insanity, an abdication of reason. The cast of mind which habitually relies on reason as the sole organ of truth and the sole arbiter of duty is affronted and outraged by war, which confessedly seeks not truth but power, and makes it one's supreme duty "not to reason why." War cannot determine which of two nations is right in a dispute over a boundary line. It can only determine which is the stronger—as when two farmers seek to determine where a fence should run by arming themselves with pitchforks. The contest may prove decisively which farmer has the stronger arm or the longer fork—it certainly cannot prove where the fence ought to run. It proves merely what is, and has no decisive value in determining what ought to be.

Thermopylæ certainly showed that the Persian army was stronger than the Greek; it could not show that Persia was in the right. It was not the right which triumphed when England attacked and defeated the Danish

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fleet off Copenhagen in 1807. It was not the right which triumphed when the Germans captured the French army at Sedan. We believe that the right did triumph at Yorktown and at Appomattox. But is it not probable that war has settled things wrong quite as often as it has settled them right? And when a dispute is settled wrong, is it settled at all?

It is this essential irrationality of procedure which repels the rationalist and deprives him of all possible sympathy. He cannot admit any slightest good in a method which is confessedly the acme of unreason. He sees in it a mere reversion to brute force, a terrified desertion of all that distinguishes men from animals, a final plunge into darkness and despair. Animals habitually live in fear of one another, and to blind fear the only reply is blind force. When two nations give up all trust in treaties, all confidence in diplomacy, all hope of persuasion by reason, all appeal to international law, and simply betake themselves to bayonet and howitzer, they fall to the animal plane—or, rather, far below it, for they demonstrate a capacity for

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cruelties no animal ever practiced and a bestiality below that of any beast. The mystic may see in war the play of supernatural forces; the man in whom great affections and loyalties are dominant may admire its splendid devotion. But the man of critical temper, trained from his youth to ask, "*Cui bono?*" sees in most of the wars of history but a witches' dance of unreason and the supreme evidence of human folly.

In our time there has been a remarkable attempt to meet this objection by inventing and expounding a philosophical defense of war. That defense, as set forth by Nietzsche and Treitschke and Cramb and Mahan, is that, while war may be a blundering method of settling a boundary line, it is a legitimate and reasonable method of deciding which of the contestants has the more fully developed personality, and so which of the two is the worthier to acquire possession and domination. Right living certainly produces might—so runs the argument. If, then, a nation becomes mighty, it thereby demonstrates its essential rightness of life. Let it then raise its banner, challenge its weaker neighbor to

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the ordeal of battle, assured that its triumph in war will be a vindication of its moral worth. Since right produces might, might is the final test of right. In all history—thus the defense argues—the worthiest nations have become the strongest. By obedience to laws—the laws of nature and of man—by discipline and virtue and industry, by science and organization and cooperative labor, a nation accumulates power. Then it may welcome the test of battle. “To arms, ye brave!” The verdict of war will be the verdict of history and the judgment of God. The victorious nation will have demonstrated its self-discipline, its inherent virtue, its moral value, its right to dominate a larger section of the world. This argument, wrought out in a voluminous literature, is the modern defense of war. Is it valid?

From the standpoint of mere logic the argument has no value whatever. Right does indeed involve might; but it does not follow that might involves right. It is a well-known fact that health produces wealth. But can we reverse the statement and say that wealth is the test of health, and that wherever we

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find a wealthy man we are sure he has lived a healthy life? If might is the infallible test of right living, then Mr. John L. Sullivan must have been a paragon of virtue. If physical strength is the proof of moral value, the pugilist and the longshoreman are indeed the saints of the earth, and the frail Mrs. Browning and the delicate, sensitive Keats are indeed convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors. In the poem where William Blake describes the fascination of "tiger, tiger, burning bright," in the forest, he asks, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" Certainly, the world has room enough for both tigers and lambs, for the strong and the weak which together make up the magnificent variety of the parti-colored and manifolded creation. But is the tiger's superiority of thigh and claw a proof of superior social or moral value and his right to dominate forest and pasture? So the tiger thinks. So all creatures think before the dawn of reason and the arrival of conscience. For men to think so and reason so is to descend to the life and the law of the jungle.

But let us approach this famous—or in-

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famous—modern defense of war from another angle. We must define our terms. “Right produces might”—yes, but what sort of might? Do we mean physical, or mental, or social, or spiritual might? What sort of might did right living produce in Francis of Assisi? It gave him neither strength of body nor power of purse, nor support of government, much less the help of an army or navy. It stripped him of all earthly possessions, and gave him, naked, poor, despised, a moral influence still potent throughout the world. What sort of might was developed in John Wesley by his strict “Methodist” living at Oxford and for long years after? He told the taxgatherers he had “two silver teaspoons in London and two in Bristol,” and could not recall anything else in his possession that was taxable. Yet his invisible power to reform and remold England was greater than that of any member of Parliament or any Cabinet officer in his day.

So it is with nations. The physically weakest have often, perhaps usually, been the most influential in the realm of ideals and so have shaped the history of humanity.

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Phœnicia was mightier than Greece, but left no trace behind her, because her might was physical and commercial. The city of Tyre, famous for her ships that bore the traffic of the world, was far less influential than Bethlehem, "little among the thousands of Israel." Right produces many kinds of power, and to identify right with one kind only, with military and naval power, is to belittle it beyond measure, and to shut our eyes to the great realities of history. Napoleon was anticipating the modern argument when he said: "God is on the side of the strongest battalions"—a crude and cynical test of divine approval. It is unquestionably true that the realized presence of God makes battalions strong. But we cannot reverse the statement and say that strong battalions prove the divine presence, since strength may come from below as well as from above, and Milton's Satan had immortal courage "never to submit or yield."

The trouble with this argument is that it would draw conclusions from a single local event when we need an induction as wide as the world and as long as time. A man can-

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not tell whether the tide is rising by watching one wave that breaks defeated on a sandy beach. We cannot judge which of two men is in the right by the outcome of a duel, or which of two nations is of more value by awaiting the result of an international duel. Watching history the centuries through and the world over, we may begin to find a basis for some conclusion. A universal conflict involving the entire world throughout its whole history would indeed give an adequate and final test. In that sense the "history of the world is the judgment of the world." An induction drawn from many centuries of human struggle must have some validity. We are sure that if Mohammedanism showed itself stronger than eastern Christianity for seven hundred years, there must have been a moral vitality in the followers of the prophet that was lacking in the decayed and superstitious churches of the Orient. We are confident that if right and might are parallel lines they will meet at infinity. But there is no one point in all the world's unfolding story where we can be sure that they will coincide and that physical superiority will be

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the evidence of moral worth. In a thousand cases the contrary has been, and will be, true. Ultimately, indeed, the right must win on the world's vast arena; to divorce right and might forever is the deepest pessimism. We cannot for a moment believe in "truth *forever* on the scaffold, wrong *forever* on the throne." To believe that right is to be finally defeated is to lose all interest in doing right. But the right has stood on a thousand scaffolds, and the wrong may yet sit on a thousand thrones. To say that whatever climbs the throne is thereby proved to be right is to turn all history upside down, is to make Calvin right and Servetus wrong, to give to Pilate the governor a nobler character than to his victim, Jesus.

But there is a second reason for the almost universal protest of rationalism against war; and that is the naïve faith of the rationalists in the integrity and purity of human nature. To them the human being is a simple, reasonable compound—if not a chemical mixture, at least a purely organic growth under chemical and biological laws. They see, of course, the tragedy of the world and

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feel it keenly, but believing as they do in the rationality of the world process, they must believe in the rationality of each human being who is the product of that process. Human nature has indeed its dark sections, as a checkerboard has its dark squares; but to them it is black spotted on a fundamental white, not white spotted on black. Their "cast of thought" will not permit the drama of life to turn out a tragedy. They are fully persuaded that history is an orderly process of evolution under law, and each human being is an orderly section in the orderly process. Why disturb the fundamental harmonies of life by talk about sin, about the problem of evil, about Dantesquian visions of the purgation of the soul through pain? Man is in essential harmony with the environment from which he sprang; hence the tragedy of life is more apparent than real, and the evil of which the theologians talk is merely the shadow of goodness, is "silence implying sound." When Henry D. Thoreau was dying a friend said to him: "Henry, have you made your peace with God?" To which Thoreau answered with charming—

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or appalling—naïveté: “John, I didn’t know God and myself had quarreled.” To rationalism there is no quarrel between the universe and any creature in it; why, then, should there be anywhere a battlefield? Evil is on its way to inevitable goodness; why fight to bring about the inevitable? Since the checkerboard is fundamentally white, why scrub so fiercely to remove the black squares, which, after all, do give variety to the board and furnish opportunity for an interesting game? “Why so hot, my little man?”

An interesting contrast might be drawn between the world-view of such religious leaders as Pusey and Keble in England and that of their American contemporaries, Emerson and Theodore Parker. Pusey wrote to Keble as a penitent to a father confessor, speaking of himself as “scarred all over and seamed with sin,” “a monster” in his own eyes, “covered with leprosy from head to foot.” He was ready for expiation by vigil, by fasting, by incarceration, by any means which could lift the burden of guilt from his soul. But about the same time, the

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New England Transcendentalists were exalting humanity to the n^{th} power. "Never wrong people with your contritions or with dismal views of society," wrote Emerson, in serene detachment from both society and contrition. More polemically Theodore Parker wrote: "I think that the thing which ministers mean by sin (commonly pronounced *ngsin-n-n-n*) has no more existence than phlogiston, which was once adopted to explain combustion. I find sins, i. e., conscious violations of natural right, but no sin, i. e., no conscious and intentional preference of wrong as such to right as such; no condition of enmity against God."

After quoting a writer of somewhat similar views, William James says: "If we are in search of a broken and a contrite heart, clearly we need not look to this brother. His contentment with the finite incases him like a lobster-shell and shields him from all morbid repining at his distance from the Infinite." Such "healthy-mindedness," of course, sees in human nature no dark valleys, no frightful abysses, no volcanic terrors, only formal Italian gardens where the wildness of nature

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has been subdued to geometrical patterns and nurse-maids and children need fear no evil. Such rationalism would treat the tragedy of sin with a sort of "mind-cure" philosophy, by denying the essential existence of the evil in man. It definitely rejects the conception—to quote again from William James—of "there being elements in the universe which make no rational whole in conjunction with the other elements, . . . so much dirt, as it were, and matter out of place." For them the real is the rational, and the rational is the only real. The whole expanse of human life is divided up into neat house-lots and fenced in by their logic. There are no longer any dark forests visible, no boulders, no wild flowers, nothing wild, but all is tame, correct, tagged and labeled and deadly dull. Such untamable things as "instinct," "telepathy," "the subconscious," "the subliminal self," as well as the older conceptions of sin and penalty, are rejected instantly, as too unscientific for admission into the ordered thought-paddock of the rationalist philosophy. It looks upon Professor Huxley as guilty almost of *lèse-majesté*

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when he speaks of the "infinite wickedness" of humanity, and it prefers the easy explanation of Mr. Buckle, who found the cause of all human character in climate, coast lines, mountains and rivers, soil and food.

Here we reach the deepest reason for the pacifism of the rationalists. They stand opposed to war for precisely the same reason that they stand aloof from historical Christianity, because in both religion and war there is an appeal to transcendental interests and supernatural powers. Professor Fisher, of Princeton University, puts the case none too strongly when he says: "Rationalism strikes at war by striking at the conception of faith, duty, and loyalty to larger social wholes. . . . The sensualistic ideal of rationalism, in so far as it succeeds in realizing itself, may cast out war between states; but it puts in place of it social death and dissolution, perhaps civil strife within states. It may destroy war between states, and a great deal more besides; but it can construct no vital unity of mankind; it can generate no real principle of social life and organism."¹

¹International Journal of Ethics, October, 1917, p. 106.

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Both war and religion summon men to rise above conventional standards and habitual calculations and stake all they have and are in defense of intangible values and ideal ends. The men who go to war are indeed led by mixed motives, as are all men who go anywhere. But their action is not to be explained by hunger for bread or gold or land. The economic motive they profess to scorn, and their profession of higher aims is often justified, even though the means which they use may be often evil. They have not reasoned out their action and based it on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Deeper than any reasons they can give is the profound inner revolt against injustice, tyranny, slavery, and the inner urge which drives them on is not explicable merely in terms of geography or iron-mines or wheat-fields. A tax on tea in 1775 was surely a very small matter; thousands of Americans thought it too small to fight over. But behind that tax was an immortal principle—no taxation without representation, or, as we now more broadly state it, no just government without the consent of the governed. There

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we have an intangible ideal, a sense of transcendental values, a challenge to existing institutions, that has called millions in recent centuries to seal their faith with their blood.

The men who "fired the shot heard round the world" at Lexington would have been far richer in earthly goods, with more prosperous homes and busier towns and cities, if they had quietly submitted to the petty exactions of the crown three thousand miles away. But to them poverty with freedom was dearer than all possible wealth with diminished freedom and loss of all possibility of self-respect. On the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the American Tories had an excellent argument. On the principle of "certain inalienable rights" the Tories were wrong and the heart of the colonies was sound. Every great defensive war has seen a people turning its back on the old ordered life of the trim Italian garden, and plunging out into darkness and chaos, assured that only so could it preserve liberty on earth. Liberty cannot be weighed in scales; it cannot be gotten for silver, for man knoweth not the price thereof.

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It is one of the imponderables and intangibles. It has been abused; in its name a thousand crimes are committed; many men believe it is a menace and fear its growth. Yet for this imponderable visionary ideal men act in a way which defies all considerations of profit and loss and drives the utilitarians to despair. Perhaps John Davidson was quite right when he uttered his dislike of the title of a certain book, "The Rise of Rationalism in Europe," and said: "There never was a rise of rationalism; there was only decay of imagination."

Deeply are the roots of patriotism and religion intertwined. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," was the cry of one who was both temple-singer and ardent nationalist. The great national anthems usually blend both points of view. We begin by singing "My country, 'tis of thee," and we end by singing: "Our fathers' God, to thee." In such apostrophe there is a joyous emergence from the local and the individual, and a projection of the little self into a mighty and invisible whole. That release from selfishness, that outflow of the single personality into the

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nation, the kingdom, into the life of humanity and the life of God, is the essence of both patriotism and religion. Inexplicable it is to the formulas of Bentham and Buckle, but easily understood by the man who has once yielded his soul to its sway. Schiller entered into the daily experience of millions in church and state when he counseled:

“Be thou a whole, or if thou canst not bear that part,
Be part of a whole and serve it with a faithful heart.”

We now see the immense distance which separates the pacifism of the rationalists from the pacifism of Christianity. Both modes of thought seek after world-peace. The rationalist and the Christian together oppose war as one of the greatest earthly evils. They are both pledged to its ultimate abolition. But the one opposes war as irrational, as a mistaken move in the game; the other opposes it as cruel and hideous, an outrage on humanity, an affront to God. The one would suppress war by suppressing the passionate loyalties and devotions out of which war springs; the other by deepening and broadening those devotions and enthu-

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siasms until they include all humanity and flow around not a single local government, but a true Parliament of Man. Rationalism would bring world unity by effective reasoning; Christianity by the establishment of good will among men. One enlarges on self-interest as indicating the path to peace, on the economic damage and futility of slaying one's own customers and destroying one's own markets; the other insists on the moral disaster involved in reducing God's crowning handiwork to cannon-fodder and inflaming a whole nation to hymns of hate.

So far as rationalism takes a materialistic tinge, it is foredoomed to the failure which attends all shallow thinking. The millennium it paints is not the state for which a weary world is longing. Its heavenly city turns out to be a sort of glorified town of Pullman, where common sense has laid out all the streets and built every house, with little aid from imagination or loyalty or uncalculating devotion to human ideals. But in the City of God, as seen from Patmos, the height is equal to the length and the breadth—the city soars as well as spreads.

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Those who enter that city are done with battle, in the old sense of fighting for territory or glory or gold. But we read: "There was war in heaven," that is, the passion for an ideal, the willingness to fling away life for intangibles and invisibles, the joy of endless combat in behalf of truth and right, that shall go on forever, since eternal struggle is the essence of eternal peace.

Christianity cannot permanently tolerate war, any more than it can tolerate famine or pestilence or desolating power. But it fears the de-natured millennium of the rationalist almost as much as it fears the blood and iron of the imperialist. It cannot make alliance with Herbert Spencer in order to escape from Bismarck. It cannot be contented with a future of full dinner pails and sanitary tenements, and "deduce the laws of conduct from the laws of comfort." It appeals to the totality of human nature, to its fears and hopes, its ideals and loyalties, its passion for the ultimate surrender, and its faith in God. It counts the surrender of property and life as nothing compared with the betrayal of a trust, and in defense of weak peoples it flings

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its total resources into the struggle. It would be moral suicide for a Christian nation to acquiesce in the schemes of another nation which through fifty years of mis-education teaches its people to demand "world-power or down-fall." To that demand there is but one answer: "Down-fall it shall be!" To the rationalist war may be the worst of evils, since it interrupts all the normal course of human life. To the Christian there is one thing worse—the failure to resist evil, the compromise with unrighteousness for the sake of quiet days, and the unwillingness to die that truth may live. The mighty summons of the Christian faith is not merely to "lay down your arms" and plant corn, but to "take the whole armor of God" in a spiritual and eternal campaign. It aims to create not a nation of prosperous farmers or shopkeepers, but an enlistment of all human beings as soldiers of the common good. Its goal is not the paradise of industrialism but the City of God.

It is the old struggle between the two principles—right and wrong throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will continue to struggle long after Judge Douglass and I shall have gone to our graves.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

CHAPTER IV

THE MORAL LEADERSHIP OF THE CHURCH

MANY reproaches have been cast upon the church for its lack of leadership in time of war, and many have been deserved. But we are in danger of reviling rather than understanding, and may "pour out the baby with the bath." The church is not the only institution that has failed in the world's crisis to meet the world's need, and Christianity is not the only force that has seemed baffled and pathetically impotent.

Science with its clear, white light has failed to illumine the international darkness, and its amazing resources have been forced into the destruction of cities, the desolating of orchards and gardens, the mutilation of millions of human bodies and the snuffing out of lives that would have furnished us the prophets and statesmen of the future. Do we therefore cease to study science?

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Socialism, which professed to rise above all provincial hatreds, has failed utterly, and allied itself only with the powers that be. Does that fact render Socialism henceforth a negligible quantity? Diplomacy has failed. Shall it therefore be abandoned in favor of a national referendum or a decision by newspaper correspondents? Solemn treaties have become scraps of paper. Shall we disdain henceforth all treaties? Britain's great navy proved unable to protect Britain from war. Shall navies therefore be treated as scrap-iron? Democracy in Russia has been dazzled and blinded by freedom and has shown itself a giant stumbling in the dark. Shall we therefore surrender our previous faith in democracy?

It may be said that since the special horror of war is its moral tragedy, its orgy of hate and greed and lying and lust and murder, the church as the moral guide and instructor of humanity is charged with a responsibility such as attaches to no other organization or movement. That is true. The church has been presented with the greatest opportunity that has come to it since the Napoleonic

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wars and no thoughtful man takes much satisfaction in either the general attitude or the specific achievements of our religious denominations during the Great War. Why are we dissatisfied? What did we expect? What may we rightly expect and demand of organized Christianity in time of desperate national emergency?

The attitude of aloofness and indifference would be beyond forgiveness. A church that stands utterly aloof from a nation in the throes of mortal struggle should be rejected by the nation forever after. A church given over to quietism and other-worldliness in time of national danger, a church that has no message save that of "rest for the weary on the other side of Jordan," is a wholly superfluous affair, and the best reward it can expect from an indignant people will be a respectful *requiescat in pace*. Archimedes, busy with his geometrical figures in ancient Syracuse, could ignore international movements, and as the Roman soldiers burst into his room could only cry, "Don't spoil my circles!" Goethe, aspiring to reproduce the calm of Greek life, could listen unmoved to

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the thunder of the cannon at the battle of Jena. But such self-absorption is inhuman and therefore unchristian.

Our premillenarian brethren are easily led into similar indifference to the human struggle. If one expects that to-morrow the heavens will literally be rolled together as a scroll, he cannot feel overwhelming concern regarding any clouds that now darken the horizon. What matters a transient tyranny, when soon there is to be a universal reign of peace with its material throne in Jerusalem? Why get excited over problems of the slums when soon we are to walk the golden streets within jasper walls? Why spend our life in protest against what must vanish anyway, and why organize against evils which shall speedily be put to flight by a divine *coup d'état*? If we have discovered in certain obscure texts the time-table of the universe, we need not spend our days in the building of railways or the transportation of supplies, but may simply hold ourselves ready to get aboard the train. This is the logical, and often the actual, attitude of some good men. Thus both the quietist and the literalist may

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come together. Both may sit as mere spectators of a struggle which is the battle of the Lord.

On the other hand, it is a mistake equally tragic for the church to adopt an *ex cathedra* attitude in time of national crisis, and pronounce collective and official judgment on specific measures or individual leaders. The "soap-box orator" is absolutely sure of the measure immediately to be taken to end all wars, but the Christian pulpit must have wider vision. To denounce certain leaders and demand their retirement, to advocate one treaty and oppose another, to announce from the pulpit the latest social or political or international nostrum, is not only to divide the congregation but is to close their minds to the deeper message of the Christian faith. "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me," cried one impatient hearer when Jesus was speaking, which, being translated, means: "Let the pulpit speak to us about the justice of the eight-hour day, the righteousness of the single tax, the necessity of military conscription, the importance of a change in the President's Cabi-

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net, or the fatuous policy of the Russians.” But the reply of Jesus is not yet out of date: “Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?” If Jesus of Nazareth felt no call to render decision in a local quarrel, may not his modern messengers hesitate to deliver opinions on leaders and measures that change from day to day? Great expert knowledge and long training could perhaps justify the preacher in specific announcements on pending policies, but even then he would be devoting his strength to the machinery of government rather than to the unveiling of those principles which lie below all government—that mind of Christ which must yet become the mind of humanity.

In no passage in the New Testament does the mission of the church become more luminous than in that declaration of Jesus regarding his own mission which he made in the synagogue at Nazareth. He had grown to be thirty years of age, had battled with tremendous inner temptations among the crags of Judæa, and had passed through the great illumination which came to him at his baptism. Then returning to Nazareth he

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was called on in the synagogue to state to his fellow townsmen why he had left the carpenter's shop and what he hoped to accomplish in the dangerous calling of a radical prophet. He found a fitting statement in a reinterpretation of Isaiah's message: "The spirit of the Lord has anointed me to"—do what? The silence of Jesus is as eloquent as his purpose is positive. Not to denounce Herod, as did John the Baptist; not to discuss the justice of the taxes which he regularly paid; not to approve or condemn the slaveholder, or the government official, or the soldier; but to go to the root of human life by enunciating and interpreting certain great principles or objects for which he was ready to live and to die. Let us ponder each of them: "to heal the broken-hearted, to give recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound."

The healing of lacerated spirits is universally recognized as peculiarly the function of the Christian Church. To minister to physical necessities, to give cups of cold water or of coffee, to offer medical skill, is clearly a noble task. But even the Red

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Cross, which started out to relieve physical ills, is forced to go beyond them, because the physical is so tangled up with the mental, the social, and the spiritual. The setting of broken bones is needed, but the healing of broken hearts is still more imperative. In time of war, affections, as well as tissues, are lacerated, bright dreams are shattered, griefs are imposed for life, and the old naïve trust in the divine love is battered, if not destroyed. The healing of the world's heart is more needful than the feeding of its stomach.

There is very little of conventional comfort to be found in the teaching of Jesus. The stoical commonplaces that we find in Marcus Aurelius and in Benjamin Franklin are wanting in the comfort of the Nazarene. That trouble is common to all, that we must be brave for the sake of others, that we should be too proud to weep—all that is quite foreign to the consolations of Jesus. The musty proverbs which, like all proverbs, merely skim the surface of reality, we do not find in his teaching. Our modern sayings that "There isn't more cloud than sun," that

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we “mustn’t cry over spilt milk,” that “It’s a long lane that has no turning,” are so destitute of insight that they affront and anger any man who is facing a real grief. And those more pious platitudes, which remind us that the Potter has power over the clay, that what God does we must not question—surely, miserable comforters are they all. These pretended anodynes were never offered by Jesus to Mary and Martha when their brother died, nor to Jairus when he bewailed his little daughter.

The prophet Isaiah, like the prophet of Nazareth, heard the cry, “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.” How was he to do it? “What shall I cry?” Not the platitudes that we find in all the pagan literature; but this: “Prepare ye the way of the Lord.” It was a summons to let God into the present life of Israel. The only real comfort is the revelation of truth. The broken-hearted need chiefly not ancient proverbs, not sympathetic phrases and tender intonations, not official condolence, but actual realization of the truth that God is in his world, fighting its battles, shouldering its burdens, suffering

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in its sorrows, and that we through the daily doing of the prosaic and lonely duty may be casting up a highway for God's coming into all the nations of the earth. Elisha, confronted by a youth grieving for Elijah, spoke no word of customary consolation. He only prayed, "Open the young man's eyes," and when the young man saw the spiritual hosts, he had no need of pious speech. To recognize the facts, to "see, no longer blinded by our eyes," is the only comfort human hearts need. Unless we can see the facts, heaven itself would offer no consolation:

"Yes, we may pass the heavenly screen,
But shall we know that we are there?—
Who know not what these dead stones mean,
This lovely city of Lierre."

That act of Elisha leads us to the second element in the moral leadership of the church—the recovery of sight to the blind. In war time our moral vision is blurred, and we "see red" or do not see at all. Under the awful stress of purely physical pressure, when brutal terror threatens those we love, when all the deepest passions of our nature

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are blown to white heat, clear sight becomes the rarest of possessions and yet remains indispensable to moral action. The nation that is fighting for its life strikes out blindly, in the frantic necessity of striking somehow and somewhere. "War is blows," says a noted Englishman, when urging America to cooperate. Yes, war is blows; but blows planted in the right place and at the right time by those who understand the moral aim behind the physical deed. Loud-voiced orators cry, "Don't talk, don't parley, don't think, just win the war," as if we could strengthen a nation's hands by closing its eyes. Unless there be some sublime moral aim behind a defensive war the church must wash its hands of the immoral and senseless struggle. If there be such an aim that can strengthen our hands by purifying our conscience and enlisting the power of Christian conviction, then the primary duty of the church is to reveal the aim, address the conscience, and show us that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.

Going to church ought to be entering the Interpreter's House. "I went into

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the sanctuary of God, then understood I," was the experience of the psalmist, an experience now grown rare and precious. There is something almost hopeless about the average Sunday morning church service in our large cities. The congregation ordinarily represents the successful side of modern life. At the head of each pew sits a man who has succeeded under the present social and moral order, and is interested in preserving it against disturbing influences. He is saturated with preaching, and as a "tired business man" can hardly be expected to relish any summons to rethink the propositions on which his success is based. In the pulpit is a man whose whole environment has sheltered him from the rougher contacts of life. He sees his congregation only in its best attire. Men dress to hear him, as they dress for the opera. If he sees them during the week, they hush their voices, change their vocabulary, and adopt temporarily his point of view. Then on Sunday the sheltered prophet addresses the men who want to be sheltered from disturbing conceptions and to have eloquent reaffirmation of what they already be-

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lieve. Can such a church be an Interpreter's House?

But in time of war no man in pew or pulpit can protect himself from what John Morley calls the "volcanic elements" in Christianity. Men come to church already shaken in spirit, "they reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Their moral world has suddenly been inverted. The Ten Commandments have been abrogated. A proclamation has in a single hour created a hundred million official enemies, and to plunder and stab and kill them has become a public duty. A man leaves wife and child at the national summons and goes forth to deprive some other wife and child of husband and father, and to keep on doing it until the ground is sodden with blood and cities are a charred ruin and millions are starving and driven to surrender. And that man's neighbors and brothers sit in the church on Sunday morning, all their vision blurred by tears and anger, all their souls in insurrection, all their nature crying out for a clue to the moral maze. They have closed offices, shops, mills,

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and homes in order to hear the Christian message. The Christian preacher is the only man in civilization for whom all business ceases in order that his message may be heard and pondered. Before him sit on Sunday men who have paused in the vital tasks of modern life to learn what is worth while and what is the goal of all their work. They cannot be content to hear how men were good in the eighth century B. C. They want to know what is goodness now in the present crisis, what Christ would do if he were here, what his teachings mean when applied to the concrete tragedy in which they are involved. Is the man in the pulpit a real interpreter of God? Can he help the confused and storm-tossed souls before him to see the ultimate realities of life?

At such a time the teaching function of the church looms large and imperative. Each morning the daily newspaper storms our minds with new facts, and each night we are torn by conflicting duties and apparently insoluble problems. This sudden abrogation of the Ten Commandments—is it reconcilable with ethics and religion? After years of

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learning to love shall we now begin to hate? Yet, if there is nothing to hate, surely there is nothing worth fighting against. Can we love our neighbor while we throttle him? Is our old idea of love too narrow, too sentimental, too unreal to meet the actual situation? Is patriotism the highest duty of the Christian, or is it mere clannishness and selfishness, as when Dr. Johnson pronounced it "the last refuge of a scoundrel"? Is the teaching of Jesus applicable only to individuals and without any reference to the relation of states to one another? Is there such a thing as national altruism, and may a state lay down its life for great ends as does the single martyr or crusader? Is the League of Nations a vain dream of the pacifists, a mirage in the moral desert, or is it the logical and inevitable outcome of good will to men? Is war always an abhorrent thing, the mere camouflage of capitalism and exploitation, or are we right when we place the heroes of Valley Forge and Gettysburg close beside the goodly fellowship of apostles and prophets? Is there any middle ground between Bernhardi and Tolstoy? And if so, how can

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we find it in the quiet hour of this Sunday morning service?

These are the poignant, searching questions that come up out of the pew in war time, and they are not to be answered by repeating the Apostles' Creed or singing of "Jerusalem the Golden." The people are groping, stumbling, calling for guidance, hungry for truth. "These men," said an English chaplain regarding his regiment, "are not opposed to the church, but they are disappointed in its leadership." The most deadening force in the community may be a church that merely cries "Peace" when there is no peace, or shouts "Win the war" without any understanding of why or how it must be won.

We may say that we do not wish to preach war every Sunday, but the truth is we cannot preach of anything that does not directly bear on a world-conflagration. To ignore it would be to ignore the air we breathe. Why does war come to the nations, how is it to be met, how may its sacrifices be borne, how shall we deal with the conscientious objector, how shall we keep the inner peace amid the

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outer struggle, how shall wars be finally ended, and how can this war consistently be supported by disciples of the Prince of Peace?—these are the insistent problems which the church must help to solve or forever lose its power of religious leadership. No rising for prayers, no shaking of an evangelist's hand, no baptismal rites, no repetition of ancient formulas means anything in war time unless the men who do these things know where Christ stands in the modern world and are ready at any cost to stand beside him. In a time of mental darkness and spiritual agony one of the prime functions of the church is recovery of sight to them that are blind.

But the chief function of the church still remains: setting at liberty them that are bound. When Gladstone was reproached for his variations of political opinion he answered: "The reason is very simple; I was brought up to dislike and distrust liberty; I have learned to believe in it; that is the secret of all my changes." The Christian Church was founded on the belief in liberty. Its earliest message was a glad release from

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superstition, from priestly oppression, from the burden of man-made duties and man-made dogmas. And within twenty years its greatest apostle had to issue the warning cry: "Be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage!" The Christian Church was founded in liberty, and it has learned to distrust, and often dislike, liberty—that is the secret of its changes.

Of course this is the penalty of having institutions of any kind—they imprison the very ideas that gave them birth. A great musician, like Beethoven or Wagner, dares to break the conventional rules of music and write harmonies which make the hearers shiver. Soon multitudes praise him, and establish a new school in music, and that new school, being duly organized and waxing strong, forbids any innovation and shivers at the composer who leaves the beaten track as Beethoven and Wagner left it many years before.

A political leader defies his party and, drawn by a vision of to-morrow, he leads forth a new group of radicals. Half a century later that radical group, having estab-

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lished themselves in power, deny the right of secession and pour contempt on any man who dares to follow their early example.

The Christian Church was founded in a superb protest against the powers that be. "Woe unto you Pharisees—you lawyers—you that are rich—you that oppress the widow and the fatherless!" It was a divine secession from a national church that had lost all sense of divinity. It was an exodus from a religious desert, a break with the established and fossilized hierarchy, a release from burdens against which human souls had for centuries protested. "Christ treated the Old Testament with amazing freedom." Often he repeated, "It has been said by them of old time, but I say unto you" something very different. Under his quiet sentences is the throbbing and heave of subterranean powers that now and then erupt and overflow in lava streams. But we who come centuries later find the molten streams have hardened into rock, we build our homes upon the arrested flow, and devoutly hope never again will the subterranean forces disturb our dwelling. The great need of the church is to realize

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that it can never succeed as an arrester of movement, as a brake on the wheels, as a conserver of the past. It can succeed only when it is true to its original conception as the inspirer of change, the leader of migrations, the fountain of unceasing and resistless energy.

The mighty wave of democracy now sweeping round the world will either uplift the church to new leadership or leave it stranded and deserted. Do we, the members of the average church, really believe in democracy as the finest expression of the Christian temper, or do we fear its crudity, its impulsiveness, its resistless advance? Do the men who sit at the head of the pew really desire democracy in church meetings, in factory and mill, in municipal government, or does the *demos* seem to them a dangerous beast, to be confined as long as possible within the political cage? And the man in the pulpit—is he like his Master? Can he say, “It hath been said by Luther and Calvin and the prayer book—but I say unto you something wholly different”? Has he the prophetic fire that burned at Pentecost, that

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flamed out in Savonarola and Wiclif, or is he afraid of that fire and eager to snuff out each dangerous spark? Is he a leader in spiritual adventure, so that strong men delight to follow him over new trails and up the heights? Or has he long since ceased to climb, and become simply a reader of the guidebooks which tell how other men dared to do it? It was of some such relapsed traveler that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

“The frozen peaks he once explored,
But now he’s dead and by the board;
How better far at home to have stayed,
Attended by the parlor maid!”

When we enter a strange church on Sunday we can test it by asking whether the message produces in us the original sensation it produced in Palestine. Does it give us the feeling of opening doors, bolts withdrawn, windows flung wide, and new vistas all along the horizon, or does the church make us feel that most doors are shut, that few things are permitted or possible, that the world is a smaller and bleaker place than we had thought? “Them that are bound”—the phrase is pathetic because it includes so

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many. They do not lie in visible dungeons; they may sit in the chief seats of the synagogue, they may ride in costly motor cars, they may stand with the dignitaries at some great festival, yet they may be so bound by personal appetite, by ancient superstition, by fear of heresy, by dogmatic authority, that all power of leadership has vanished, all joy in spiritual adventure has become impossible, and New Testament Christianity seems a rather wild force that must be tamed before it can be safely domiciled.

“Many of these so-called doctrines that our fathers taught and believed in,” says Dr. Johnston Myers, “are not important for this age. We need not deny the old truth, but we need new truth for the new era.” We may go further, and say that if we fail to find new truth, we are out of touch with the very genius of Christianity. Christianity said through its great Founder, “I have many things yet to say.” It said through John Robinson: “There is much more light to break out of God’s Word.” It led Roger Williams out of Massachusetts, John Wesley to do his best work outside of the Church

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of England, William Booth out of the Methodist Church, and is always leading into fresh fields and pastures new. So long as a man is loyal to Christ he can be trusted to go a long way. If he goes only a little way and stops in terror, we know he is not loyal.

What we have been saying applies with special force in war time, when disruption of the old and revelation of the new come to us with sudden shock. Processes that have been proceeding slowly for a century are "speeded up" and in the twinkling of an eye the change has arrived. Old maps of the world become swiftly out of date. Social transformations come over night. Taxes that we thought we never could pay are cheerfully borne. Government becomes enormously centralized and we all acquiesce. Our daily food is controlled and divided among us, our fuel is apportioned without our consent, new laws are made each week, new powers given to magistrates, a new nationalization of industry is achieved, and measures that we ridiculed or reviled are adopted by a hundred millions without complaint.

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And in the relations of states to one another the changes are so vast, so momentous, as to thrill or stun us. Twenty nations, some of which bitterly fought one another in former days, are now leagued together for mutual defense and for the sake of saving freedom. Ancient foes, like England and France, now are marching arm in arm; Asiatics and Africans are working beside European soldiers. A French general bends over the tomb of Washington and an American general in Paris cries, "Lafayette, we are here!" Such swift and dazzling changes constitute the most striking challenge and the most glorious opportunity that ever came to the Christian Church.

Little things have been swept aside—let us hope forever. Sectarianism has proved a luxury that we may afford in peace, but too costly to be endured in war. "Our unhappy divisions" seem more unhappy than ever at home, when they no longer exist at the front. The Jewish soldier seizes a silver crucifix from a dead comrade and holds it aloft before the eyes of a dying enemy. All denominations stand together in the trenches; may

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they not stand together when the trenches are filled up and the boys come home? All churches meet in the same "hut" in the camps; may they not meet when the camps dissolve and the captains and the kings depart?

The church is humiliated, and it ought to be, that it was so ramified and so split into fragments that the nations have not been able to intrust any important war task into churchly hands. The chaplains have done a noble work, but they had to leave the supervision of the churches to do it. The Young Men's Christian Association is composed wholly of church members and inspired by the Christian faith, but it exists only because existing churches are so organized that they cannot be utilized in a national crisis. "The pathos of the present time," said the Archbishop of York on his visit to America, "is that men everywhere through the shock of war are being turned as never before to Jesus Christ. Yet it is not to the organized Church of God that they are looking for a manifestation of Christ." We all know that to be true. The tremendous crisis has made

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the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and the Red Triangle bulk larger than ever in the world's confidence, and made institutional Christianity pathetically conscious of a message it cannot utter, and a work it is not yet organized to do. We want no new gospel, but we want, and must have, new organs of utterance, new channels for action, if the church is to resume its leadership of men.

The greatest opportunity of two thousand years will come to the church when the war is over. Then the great tasks of reconstruction will tax the highest genius of civilization. Science, art, politics, government, law, will all be straining their utmost resources to create a new world on the ruins of the old one. But Christianity must arise and make itself heard throughout civilization with a new commandment: "Thou shalt not rebuild the old world order! Thou shalt not restore the old tribal jealousy and nationalistic hate! Thou shalt not repair the broken altars of a tribal god!" Then Christianity must show to the world the foundation of peace—good will among men; and the method of peace—a League which shall unite

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the various states in the constructive tasks of civilization.

The difficulties are great, but of the same kind as those which once kept Italy a mass of warring cities, and Germany a collection of impotent principalities, and America a weak line of mutually jealous colonies. Only men of imagination can dream of the League of States, and only men of faith can make the dream come true. But to the church, which has always dreamed of one fold and one shepherd, which has always preached the brotherhood of man, the plan for a great international covenant comes as a glorious vision, as a step toward the visible revelation of the kingdom of God. Let the church now seize its unique opportunity. Let it not be robbed of its high mission by Socialism or any other transient movement. It is divinely and imperatively summoned now to lead, to set men dreaming of the day of God, to unite men in erecting the great new structure of international life. "He looked for a city which hath foundations," but he died without the sight. Patriarchs looked for it; Christians build it.

Cling to faith beyond the forms of faith.
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud,

.
She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage!"

—*Tennyson.*

CHAPTER V

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD

“MEN see not the bright light which is in the clouds”—so laments the friend of Job in a dark and distressful time. The clouds themselves all can see. They lower, black and thunderous, all along the horizon. Is there any light within them or behind them?

Many reports from the battle-scarred fields of Europe tell us of the singing of birds amid the roar of the battle. When the big shells are bursting and the ground is quaking and upheaving, the larks soar unconcerned in the sky and the less famous birds fill the trees and bushes with song. Why do the birds sing? Is it because they see so little of what is going on, or because they see so much? Is it because they are subhuman and stupid and know no better, or is it because they see farther over the landscape and deeper into the sky than men can see? Do angels sing as well as birds, above

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the battlefield? Certainly, that first Christmas song of "Peace on earth" was sung above fields desolated by Herod when he "slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, . . . from two years old and under." The cruelty that ravaged the earth could not silence the song of the sky.

Surely nothing that we may say about the incidental or ultimate benefits that come out of the war can be construed as implying approval of war as a necessity. We simply wish to point out that the future is not utterly black, the world is not totally irrational, and human civilization is not a foundered ship beating on the rocks. We wish to show that some good is left when four fifths of the world is at war, and that thoughtful souls need not lose faith in either God or humanity. The benefits of war which we are to consider are none of them intended by those who incite war. It was Pharaoh's bitter oppression of Israel that turned out to mean Israel's freedom and glorious future—small credit to Pharaoh! There are benefits that flow out of tornadoes and typhoid fever and conflagrations in great cities.

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These calamities furnish opportunity for splendid heroisms, for demonstrations of human brotherhood, for the triumph of religious faith. The great earthquake and fire that destroyed San Francisco a few years ago is already seen to be a blessing. The frightful explosion that destroyed a large section of Halifax will unquestionably produce a finer city, with better buildings, more significant architecture, safer and happier homes. Yet we do not welcome earthquake or explosion or arson, as a means of progress. The progress comes as a by-product or a far-away and inevitable result brought about in spite of human carelessness or human cruelty. Suggestively and truly has Goethe defined the devil as the power that "steadily intends the evil and steadily accomplishes the good." What are some of the unintended mitigations of horror, some of the gleams of light through the clouds of world-tragedy?

One remarkable result of war is the moral renovation of individuals. Millions of men are suddenly brought to question their own fitness for an arduous task and to subject

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themselves to the critical scrutiny of a government in need of men. Millions are suddenly compelled to ask themselves: "What am I good for in time of stress? What worth-while things do I know how to do? What is the value of my service to my fellow men?" Self-examination, long ago rejected as a piece of morbid Puritanism, is suddenly forced upon a hundred million people, all asking: "What shall I do," not now "to be saved," but "to save my country?"

The most obvious of the new tests are those regarding physical fitness. Is the man sound in eyes, in teeth, in feet, in wind and limb? With petty exactness we insist that if he is sixty-one inches in height he must weigh at least 110 pounds, and if sixty-two inches tall he must weigh 112 pounds, even though we know that such a requirement would have ruled out some of the greatest soldiers of the world.

Then we apply the deeper tests of psychology. Has the would-be soldier a nervous system that can stand sudden shock? Has he self-possession when men around him are confused and terrified? After being

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whirled around a dozen times on a piano-stool can he then walk a chalk-line? Has he a sense of direction which will enable him to find his way in the dark over a strange country or through a trackless sky?

Deeper yet and vastly more important are the tests of character. Can the soldier speak the truth when sorely tempted to lie out of a disagreeable situation? Can he keep his soul clean and white amid the fierce temptations of a novel and exciting experience? Can he sacrifice without whimpering all the dear and pleasant things of life for a great but distant ideal? These are precisely the examination questions that were once put to Galilean fishermen: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?"

The men who are thus forced to appraise their own physical and moral selves, forced to subject themselves to the pitiless verdict of their fellows and submit to long and difficult training in order to attain fitness, frequently undergo a surprising transformation in bearing and in attitude toward life. The upsetting of civilization means the setting up of some men. Men hitherto aimless,

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spineless, disheveled, without any coherent purpose in life, are suddenly straightened up and straightened out.

The great trouble that we find with men when they enter college to-day is not that they are bad-hearted but that they are scatter-brained. They are undisciplined, loose-belted, and intellectually disjointed. They are moving in many directions at the same time instead of moving toward any goal. Their ambitions end, like a broom, in a multitude of small straws, when they should end, like a bayonet, in point and power. Such men often are versatile, ingenious, winsome, but quite useless for any task. They are charming but sprawling. And we see these men corraled by a sudden summons, pulled out of the old lassitude and self-complacency, drilled in platoons, subjected to heat and cold and storm and mud and endless privations, and in thousands of cases inwardly transformed. As they walk the street we see a new light in their eyes, a new purpose in the squared shoulders. Thousands of men are rescued from aimlessness and stagnation and provided with a purpose in living. Of

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course in many recruits the opposite result is seen; there is a coarsening of fiber, a vulgarization of mind or a descent to the purely animal level. Also it must be admitted that the splendid purpose injected into men by the emergency of war often fades away when the war is over. The returned soldier is not always the saint. When the external authority is relaxed he may slide back into the old shiftless existence. But, after making all possible exceptions and qualifications, we must admit with gratitude that the tragic experience of war means the physical and moral rebirth of some men.

The development of womanhood in wartime is a striking phenomenon. We have seen thousands of women who have lived hitherto a purely parasitic life suddenly awakened to responsibility and devotion. Women who have never found *a cause* worth living for, much less dying for, have found it now. Women who have all their lives been consumers, not producers, mere spenders of a father's or husband's money, who have given their days to bridge or afternoon teas, and their nights to doubtful shows,

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have suddenly discovered and faced their own culpable uselessness, have put on the white gown and the red cross and gone over mine-infested seas to do their bit. Love of adventure is it, that moves them? Yes, doubtless, in part. Motives are always mingled, even in the noblest action. But it is also real weariness with a life that does not count, real revolt from existence that has no moral or social value, real desire to cooperate with the great leaders of humanity in ushering in a finer and nobler era for the world. And when they come back from the front they can never be quite so naively useless again.

The growth of the capacity to make sacrifice for an ideal is noteworthy in war-time. Men learn to do without things, they learn how few things are essential, how soul-satisfying it is to strip off luxuries and superfluities, to put one's bare body against danger and one's bare soul against the gaze of God. Things are no longer in the saddle, but are replaced by a great purpose and a new ideal. And when the externals of life are thus stripped away, and the eye is turned inward

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and upward, the world of the spirit becomes luminous and glows with the light of revelation. Boys in their teens develop a spiritual experience denied to most men of middle age. Daily contact with death, which must bring to some men stoicism or dogged fatalism, brings to others an insight into the motive and meaning of life which transforms young boys into the prophets and seers of a new age. Thus Charles Hamilton Sorley, a student from the University of Cambridge who was killed in action on October 13, 1915, at the age of twenty, wrote words which may be a greater gift to the world than years of ordinary prosaic living could have been:

“From morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do.
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

“And all year long upon the stage,
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

“I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine—and yet, and yet

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“This sanctuary of my soul
Unwittingly I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou shouldst care
To enter or to tarry there.

“With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears, Thy servant stands;
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.”

Do boys of twenty write like that? Never until some mighty summons to sacrifice has purged their souls and burned out all petty ambitions and qualified them for spiritual leadership. Then their twenty years may include richer and deeper experience than fourscore years spent in the chimney corner or the club window.

Another striking by-product of war is an unprecedented impulse to national unity. All parties and creeds, all institutions and organizations, all sections of the social order suddenly come together and close up in the presence of the common danger from without. The nation suddenly realizes that it can no longer support hair-splitting distinctions and rival organizations. At the front there is a strange enforced democracy that is startlingly suggestive. One young man

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just returned from driving an ambulance said: "The man who brought us our mail every morning had been a chauffeur in New York; the man next me was a professor in the University of Chicago. On the other side my neighbors were a Russian count who had been living in America and an attractive boy from a New England high school." This compulsory commingling of strangers and aliens, this bare democracy under military pressure, is one of the most far-reaching and eye-opening experiences that can come to a nation. These men thus forced to sleep and eat and suffer together, thus compelled to look into each other's souls for months at a time, can never be quite so separated by artificial distinctions again. At least for a time the rich man has seen the heroism of the poor, for a time the poor man has learned the simple human qualities of the rich, at least for one period in its life the nation has reverted to the days of ancient Rome:

"Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the state,
Then the great man helped the poor
And the poor man loved the great."

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This leveling process may indeed mean a leveling down; it may mean the submergence of ideals in a common ruck of daily necessities. That is the danger of all democracy, in war and in peace. But we do not believe it is usually true that, in Emerson's phrase, "men descend to meet." Rather we hold that men ascend by meeting. If we can strip men of accidental and irrelevant distinctions and bring them close together in pursuit of a common purpose, the benefits are inevitable and permanent.

But it is the unity at home which is most striking because it is not physical at all, but wholly psychological and moral. We have been a polyglot people in America, descended from many diverse ancestors, carrying conflicting ideals of liberty and happiness. We have fought one another at the polls, in the newspapers, in conventions, and once through four tragic years of civil war. Would America ever achieve any real unity, ever find her soul? And while we were asking that question, a marvelous process was going on before our eyes. The managers of vast private business enterprises were on

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their way to Washington, to serve the government at one dollar a year. The leaders of organized labor were conferring with the President of the republic. The chief supporters of the President were men of the opposite political faith. Conservatives and radicals, reactionaries and forward-looking men, university professors and day laborers, men of thought and men of action, were standing shoulder to shoulder as never before in the history of the country. The nation was never so united in the American Revolution, when the number of Tories constituted from one fifth to three fifths of the population in each colony and tens of thousands of them emigrated to Canada. It was not so united in the Civil War, when even in Northern States multitudes would placate and soothe the "erring sisters" rather than defend the Union by force.

What brought about this extraordinary and swift unification of sentiment and will? Nothing but a clear-cut and world-wide moral issue. It is not the loss of a few American lives, not the destruction of a little American property. It is the monstrous and

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immoral theory of a certain warrior class across the seas, the pretensions of a military caste, the assertion of might in the face of all the rights of mankind, which have wrought this marvelous unity of soul and made a hundred million think and feel as one man. There is no welding power on earth equal to the power of a conviction of righteousness. Lust of land, desire for plunder, thirst for glory, may bind men together for a time, but only a white-hot conviction of right can fuse a nation. With deep reverence we might almost dare to form a new beatitude: "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be united."

This is the true naturalization of immigrants. No papers or documents can make a stranger into an American. The mere legal process may leave the foreigner cold and alien, included but unassimilated. He must be baptized into the spirit of America, into our faiths and hopes and sacrifices, into sympathy with the founders and leaders who lived and died for our ideals, or he is not truly naturalized.

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In front of the City Hall in the city of Newark is a statue of Abraham Lincoln by Borglum. The great bronze figure is seated on a bench, and often school children climb upon that bench and nestle in the gaunt bronze arm of the seated Lincoln. Recently an immigrant father, a long-bearded Russian peasant, was seen standing with his little daughter before the statue, while she was explaining in the father's native tongue who Lincoln was, what he said and did, and how he died. The foreign father listened with impassive countenance and then was swept by sudden emotion. Reverently he lifted his small daughter with his great knotted hands toward the bronze figure and she imprinted a kiss on the furrowed cheek. Then the two went in silence to their meager home.

That is the true naturalization of the alien! That goes far beyond the legal formality, and is a real adoption into the spirit and temper, the principles and ideals of America. Without it we remain dissevered, discordant, belligerent; with it we are one in power to toil, to sacrifice, to achieve. The unity of the nation is not economic, since man does not

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live by bread only; not legislative, since laws are powerless unless the people's will is behind them; not governmental, since government has no reality apart from the consent of the governed. The unity of the nation is moral and spiritual; it consists in ideals held dearer than life, principles ingrained in millions of souls, and the dedication of the whole people to the protection of the weakest and feeblest among us. This spiritual fusion is achieved for many in days of peace; but it is achieved on a vast scale and with incredible swiftness in the high temperatures of a nation struggling for liberty.

Another shaft of light out of the cloud is seen in the unifying of Christian forces in the vast work of ministration to the bodies and souls of men. When we see a hundred million dollars subscribed in a few days for the work of a purely voluntary Christian Association, when we see that Association recognized and highly valued by all existing governments, its workers welcomed to camps and prisons in every grief-stricken land, and millions of soldiers crying, "I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came

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unto me," we are witnessing one of the greatest religious movements in all history, whose story will be told centuries hence as one of the *gesta Christi*. The Young Men's Christian Association is the Christian Church lifted above its petty divisions, inspired by a vision of human need, willing at last to sidetrack its ritual, its dogma, its tithing of mint, anise and cummin, and apply itself whole-heartedly and unreservedly to the crying woes and dangers of the world. Its superb crusade, not to possess Christ's sepulcher but to incarnate his life, carries us back to the social and moral passion of the first three centuries, when the Christian faith spread all through Europe, winning its great victories not by miracle or argument but by the humble lives of believers who embodied their faith in their daily deeds.

The denominations were standing asunder, and so were powerless to meet this need. No one of them could be recognized by any government without bitter complaint from all the others. Hence the Association steps in as an undenominational and international church, denying no Christian

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dogma, repudiating no ritual, but willing to postpone debatables until the undebatable need of humanity has been met by Christian love. In the familiar "hut" all faiths—Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew—are welcome. There we see dogma at its lowest terms and religion at its highest power. In one Siberian hut thronged by Mohammedan prisoners many copies of the Koran were distributed, because, as the secretary simply said, "It is better that these poor fellows should pray in their own way than not to pray at all." Could not such largeness of sympathy be shown in days of peace? Surely; yet it was not shown until the shattering of human ambitions by world-wide tragedy had carried Christians beyond the circumference to the glowing, imperishable center of the Christian faith.

And thousands of other institutions suddenly began to live not to enlarge themselves, but to serve the nation and enrich mankind. For many years the colleges have sent out bulletins each autumn announcing, "Largest number of students in our history." Would any college be proud of such a bulletin in

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time of war? By a sudden inversion of procedure the colleges vie with one another in announcement of diminished enrollments and depleted treasuries. The college with the greatest loss of numbers and the largest deficit feels itself most truly enriched in the imponderables of spiritual possession.

Swiftly other institutions follow. Every theater drops its curtain in the middle of the evening that an appeal for the Red Cross or for some form of relief may be made. Ambulances are sent by hundreds across the sea. Every club or society has its War-Work Committee. Every newspaper gives freely its space to appeals to the mind and heart of the nation. The click of flying needles is heard at every lecture and almost every concert. The dwellers in hotels gather constantly, rolling bandages and filling boxes for unseen comrades beyond the ocean. A great wave of altruism sweeps over the land and a sense of the partnership of each with all uplifts and ennobles the entire social order. As John Jay Chapman has said, "The mystics have always told us that every private act carried with it consequences to

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the life of all men and the future of humanity. But no one ever thought that a man would say to us: Drop that piece of white bread which you are raising to your lips! The fate of the world five hundred years hence is at stake." There are, of course, obvious and appalling exceptions. There are profiteers and grafters, men who have no aim but to exploit human sorrow and put money in their purse. These are warts and moles on the body politic. But its heart is sound.

The willingness to sacrifice for a brother's need, a brother forever to be unseen and unknown, the cheerful yielding to restrictions inconceivable in days of peace, is a genuine revelation to us all. Food and light and heat, meat and sugar and coal and a score of things that we have regarded as private property are now seen as part of the common stock of civilization, as physical means to ideal ends. The ton of coal or the pound of sugar belongs to humanity's great storehouse; it is the possession of all liberty-loving men; and a passage in the New Testament which we have always explained away

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now suddenly becomes the expression of the national ideal: "Neither said any of them that aught which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common."

What changes shall come to the social order out of the universal reorganization forced by war, no man can tell. We have watched the Russian revolution with hope and yet with fear. Those who struggle for democracy may get more of it than they want. But they cannot get more than Christianity wants. Already a change of temper, a new scale of values, has permeated civilization. Never again can we return to the old petty individualism and *laissez-faire*. The new world will be newly organized. The only welcome man will be the man qualified for team work. "Me" and "mine" will be small words in a new world which has learned to say the great word "our."

Another striking result of war is the clear conviction of sin. War is a great revealer of motives. It lays bare the long-cherished purpose, it exposes the festering hatred, it throws a lurid light upon our past. We ask: "Why did this awful tragedy fall upon the

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peoples? What seed did we sow that could thus spring up armed men?" We are driven to self-scrutiny, we go home with ourselves—and acquaintance with self is a rare achievement in the modern world. War sets whole nations discussing the ethical aspects of human action, pondering the place of morals in commerce and government and diplomacy. It sets us asking: "Is our boasted civilization any real advance on the wonderful life of the thirteenth century, the age of Dante? Are we living on a higher plane than did the Greeks in the days of Pericles? This constant increase in armament, this appalling multiplication of engines of destruction, is it a rational or is it an insane proceeding? What infection is at the root of our life which makes it blossom in this poisonous flower? If we in fear suddenly effect certain great reforms, could we not have done the same things without waiting for the coming of the terror?"

We have made great camps sanitary and wholesome places for men to live in. Why did we not do the same thing for the factory villages where men sicken and babies die?

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We have surrounded the camps with a "barred zone"; could we not surround the college and the bank and the mill with a zone of protection for young and eager manhood? We have insisted on character behind the khaki; might we not demand character in evening dress? If we banish the canteen, could we not muster courage to banish the saloon? Or is our war-time reformation totally nonmoral, mere spasmodic action under stress of fear?

We have fed the Belgians nobly; could we not feed the slums of New York? We have offered our resources, our time, and our strength to the government; why not before war came? We have kept open the hospital and the "hut" every day and all night; why do we open our churches but four hours a week? We have forgotten sect and party and overleaped all barriers to reach our fellow men. Do we intend to construct again all those barriers when the war is over? Do we intend to contract once more our sympathies and exclude from fellowship nine tenths of those who profess and call themselves Christians? We have prayed ferv-

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ently since the war came; why did we not pray before?

“Eyes that the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, ‘God be pitiful,’
That ne’er said, ‘God be praised.’ ”

Surely from the battlefield of the nations comes a searchlight that sweeps over our past and reveals the evils that we have permitted to dwell among us.

We see ourselves at last and cannot admire all that we see. We have discovered the imperialistic aims in enlightened Christian governments, we have discovered social injustice in our cities and moral stagnation in rural life. We have laid bare the roots of industrial unrest, we have stripped away the mask from employees who have no loyalty to their task, and employers who have no human interest in their men. We have begun to realize that men who are homeless and hopeless in days of peace cannot be suddenly converted into efficient soldiers in days of war. We have learned that if we ignore the children in the tenements, we

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shall later find anæmic and unfit men in our trenches.

When the millions of soldiers return to their homes, it will be with a changed perspective and a new sense of values. After the great democracy of military service will they willingly accept a peaceful economic subordination? After working not for wages, but for country, for honor, for freedom, will they return with the same aims and ambitions as before they left their homes? How will the homeland seem to those men when they view it again after their great experience? To all of us, whether we serve the cause of freedom at the front or in the home, there is coming a new perspective and a consequent reorganization of life. But we face that future without foreboding. Because we believe in God we dare to greet the unseen with a cheer!

To that primeval passion may we yet
Give ampler range in fields of vaster marge.
'Gainst war itself, when this war passes, let
Our bugles sound a charge.

—*William Watson.*

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of love,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER VI

THE REBUILDING OF THE WORLD

IN the great prose-poem that we call the "Book of Revelation"—a poem quite Oriental, mysterious, and at times bizarre—we find much that baffles our prosaic Western mind. It certainly is not a time-table of the future, and all attempts to find in it definite predictions of things to come have proved illusive and futile. But its majestic symbolism has made it a treasure-house and armory for all the reformers of the Christian world. One sentence in it sets our minds traveling to far horizons: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

Apparently, the new heaven came first in the prophet's vision. The earth did not of itself rise and develop into a celestial city. But the new city descended out of heaven to the old chaotic earth and transformed it.

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The ideal world must appear in clear outlines before the actual material world can be reshaped. Vision must come before reformation. Frederic Harrison says that mankind will not "listen to a religion that is up in the sky." The fact is mankind will never listen permanently to anything else. The old earth needs not to be patched up here and there, but it needs to be laid out on a wholly new plan; it needs to be reconstructed socially, politically, and spiritually after a new pattern. If statesmen and reformers and missionaries have no vision, they are like a stonecutter without a "blue-print," endlessly hammering and chipping at granite blocks, with no pattern to direct his chisel and no knowledge of the relation of one block to another in the rising walls. The busier the stonecutters are, the greater the chaos they produce unless they have seen the pattern in the mount. The worst possible new world would be one created by zeal and good intentions without intelligence and vision. Unless we carry the new heaven, the new ideal, within, we can never remold the world without.

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That new ideal obviously means a new and higher conception of God. The growth of "new thought" in our age is a remarkable phenomenon. It may take the form of Christian Science, with its revered book and revered founder, with its churches and publications and extensive organization, or it may be found in a fugitive leaflet urging us to concentrate our minds on truth and beauty. It may take the form of an attempt at philosophical system, as in the writings of Trine and Dresser, or it may be a mere exhortation to deep breathing, introspection, and opening the mind to occult powers. It is sometimes pantheistic and mystical, and sometimes is a frank endeavor to secure by mental means simply physical health and financial success. But everywhere its origin is the same—profound dissatisfaction with the current conception of God. The new modes of thought do not formally deny that current conception; but they turn away from it, because they find in it no nutriment, no daily help, no lasting peace. It seems to them hopelessly anthropomorphic, crude, unspiritual, antiquated.

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The Great War has accentuated the difficulty. On the one hand it has raised up again the old conception of a God of battles, "Lord of our far-flung battle line," a supreme war lord, a glorified military chieftain; and on the other hand it has driven men to a new faith in a God greater than all creeds or sanctuaries that have tried to contain him, more spiritual than any image we can form within, a God who is light, harmony, purpose, universal love in which we live and move and have our being. When we see belligerent nations calling on the same God while they imbrue their hands in one another's blood, we are driven to one of two conclusions: either there is no God at all and each nation is worshiping its own figment of imagination, or the true God of the universe is vaster, nobler, than these nations have yet dreamed. We are driven to choose between a tribal god, invented to stir and inflame the multitude, and a God who is universal presence, unconfined to any church, unallied with any nation, incompletely expressed in any creed or philosophy, known only to the pure in heart. The

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Great War has made life's burdens so awful, its contradictions so intolerable, that we must have a greater God or none at all.

A static God, sitting on a throne, can never satisfy an age in which thrones are toppling and the struggling peoples of the world are coming into their own. Mr. Wells in his new-found fantastic theology proclaims a demiurge whom he calls the "Invisible King." But the world is "tired of kings" and that symbol localizes and degrades the Spirit of the universe. The "throne" has stood through all history and stands to-day for an authority static, localized, arbitrary, against which the world is in revolt. The God who "came down" to see what was going on at the building of Babel, the tribal God of Joshua, Solomon's God who dwelt between the cherubim on a golden chest, Milton's God who laid out the earth with celestial compasses, Cotton Mather's God who commanded the torture of New England witches, and "Der alte Gott," with dripping sword stamped on German coins of to-day—all these images must give way to the God for whom a torn world

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is crying, the God of Jesus, who is Spirit and Truth.

Our world thirsts for the living God, which means a God with all that characterizes the highest life we know. He must be personal; that is, he must have consciousness, purpose, will; but he must be stripped of all the petty limitations of "persons" as we know them. He is not a person like Cæsar or Charlemagne or Shakespeare; they were but sparks or fragments of personal spirit, transient attempts at personality, momentary hints of what Spirit may be. The "three persons" of the historic creeds cannot adequately describe him, nor could ten thousand persons set him forth. He is the only real person, that is, the only complete consciousness, the only never faltering purpose, the only wholly righteous will, the only perfect love. And if the essence of personality is purposive love, love that never faileth, love that can never know final defeat, then in God we must see, as our fathers did not, perpetual struggle to embody love in action, eternal urge toward the incarnation of goodness. Since the highest and noblest thing in

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us is the moral struggle, we must find in God that eternal struggle, ever ending in triumphant peace, and then developing out of that peace again struggle and the achievements of creative love. That, and that alone, is the highest life we can conceive. The divine existence is not that of an Alexander or a Solomon on a gorgeous throne, nor is it the existence of a blind force or energy like gravitation or radio-activity. It is the Life in which all lives are included, the Personal Presence of which all human persons are infinitesimal facets, the unceasing triumphant Energy which is present in our struggle, shares and suffers in our suffering that we may share in his daily triumph and his ineffable peace.

And this new thought of God will include a new idea of man. In learned treatises we have set forth man as an "economic unit"—dreary descent of man indeed! We have pictured man not as a little lower than the angels, but a little higher than the brutes. We have somehow thought that when we have discovered his origin we have fathomed his purpose and ideal. But the creek from

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which a ship sets sail may give no hint of the spacious port at which it shall arrive. We have discovered so many things about the origin of life that we have shut our eyes to its goal. The great question, after all, is not where we came from but whither we are going. The nineteenth century dealt mainly with origins; the twentieth century must deal with goals.

The great tide of democracy now swelling and rolling round the world is sure to combine with the great Christian conception of man as the image or incarnation of God, and the resulting faith, whether we call it democratic Christianity or Christian democracy, will sweep away all cheap and cheapening conceptions of the individual man. Men are not puppets nor pawns, to be moved about by monarchs or monopolists; they are not "hands," or tools, or means of production. They are not the rebel subjects of a king in the sky, and so they shall not be the economic tools of a proprietor in the office. They are pulses in the divine life, "charged with the same creative energy that sets the planets whirling." They are as incandescent bulbs,

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fragile enough, but luminous and glowing with the mighty current generated at the dynamic center of the universe. While they gleam for their moment they share in the "light that coming into the world lighteth every man." They are local manifestations of the central fire. Where they came from archæologists or biologists may dispute; where they go to hereafter we can dimly guess. But what they are we know: they are receivers and containers of some little portion of the infinite Life.

We may have forgotten this in the marts of trade, and ignored it in the church, but we discovered it on the battlefield. In the camps and the trenches sleep and work side by side the banker and the ditch-digger, the violinist and the peasant, men transfigured, socialized, self-realized, in a great human unity, a devotion to a life beyond life and a cause worth all their lives together. The "Tommy" and the *poilu* develop unsuspected loyalties and undreamed-of heroisms, as if the commonest clay had suddenly been remolded by an unseen potter. They sing and march and die as if moving to unheard music

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and to unseen goals. From one of the great battlefields Coningsby Dawson writes: "I hate the thought of Fifth Avenue, with its pretty faces, its fashions, its smiling frivolity. . . . To lay down one's life for one's friend once seemed impossible. All that is altered. We lay down our lives that the future generations may be good and kind, and so we can contemplate oblivion with quiet eyes. Nothing that is noblest that the Greeks taught is unpracticed by the simplest men out here to-day. They may die childless, but their example will father the imagination of all the coming ages." These are the men we have neglected or despised as country clods, or city parasites, or factory hands, and they turn out to be the unconscious light-bearers of the future. And when it is all over, and the camps fade away, and the poppies bloom over the ugly trenches, and the men are at home again, we shall not dare to think of them, even the maimed and broken ones, in the cheap way we thought before. They will be to us glimpses of the infinite life, sons of God, who may if they will enter into all the

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strength and glory of sonship. So we shall be returning to the spirit of him who saw in fickle Peter the rock, and in James and John the Sons of Thunder.

With such conceptions of man and God we cannot fail to rise to a new idea of the Christian Society. The church of the future will be the visible embodiment of the kingdom of God, ever striving to be as wide, as catholic, as spiritual as the Kingdom itself. It is a tragic thing that the church should include only a segment of the Kingdom, only those who agree on certain formulas or rituals or modes of procedure. The church must be composed of all Christ-like men, of every race and faith and name. To share in the Christian purpose is the only qualification for membership, just as the hand is made a member of the human body simply by sharing in the blood that comes from the heart. The fact that a man's parents were members in the church cannot insure his entrance; the fact that he has been through initiatory ceremonies, however solemn, cannot constitute him a member. The one requirement for the church must be identical

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with requirement for the Kingdom. In that church will be rich and poor, learned and simple-minded, philosophers who are thought to have explained Jesus and children who can only lisp his name—the Christ-like quality makes them one. All such believers in the Christian attitude toward life may utter that unique saying of the apostle Paul, “The love of Christ constraineth (*synechei*) us,” which a friend of mine translates: “The love of Christ holds us together, lifts us up and drives us on.”

The church will either broaden to meet this ideal or it will shrivel until it becomes the mere guardian of dogma, each sect jealously guarding its own “distinctive tenets,” and so putting at the center of its life the things that belong far out on the circumference. In that case the great task of the church will be performed by other organizations, which have become willing to ignore and forget in order that they may achieve and save. The church of the future will care much less about saving its tenets, or its ritual, but care ever more and more about saving alive the quality of spirit which was in the Nazarene.

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To have that quality is to be in the Kingdom and to possess the only real title to the fellowship of the Christian Church.

It is a curious fact in the history of certain technical schools that the men who drop out without finishing the course not infrequently make a greater outward success in life than do those who remain to graduate. And the explanation is not difficult. It would be better, of course, if all could remain to the end of their course. But those who drop out are often men of the volitional rather than the intellectual type, men who long for action and achievement, men whose restless energy chafes against necessary restraint, while those who remain are sometimes men of the acquisitive and plastic type who can learn lessons better than they can organize and lead their fellow men. For the same reason, those who have left the Christian Church to-day are sometimes the most truly Christian section of the church, the least sectarian, the most eager to reshape the world. Could there be a greater tragedy than that the passive temperaments should be left to constitute the church, while the

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more dynamic and constructive minds should move away from it and seek other channels for their moral energy? This must not be. A static church will disappear with the disappearance of the static conception of man and of God. The real defense of the faith is a steady offensive in behalf of the Kingdom of light. Into the Christian Society we must welcome the most eager, aggressive, advancing spirits of our day, if only they advance "with the cross of Jesus going on before."

Then will come the making of the new earth. We hear much about the rebuilding of ruined cities and villages, the replanting of farms and orchards, the reassembling of scattered products of industry. All that is important and must be done; it will be done more swiftly than we think. Nature is already at work covering war-torn acres with flowers, obliterating barriers with rains and floods. The rebuilding of villages under modern conditions will be swift. The rebuilding of San Francisco was accomplished as if by magic. Shell-holes will give place to gardens, barbed wire make way for green

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hedge-rows, and out of "No Man's Land" will rise home and market place and school. Engineers will be called from the ends of the earth to reconstruct ruined bridges and tunnels and highways, and "city-planners" will see their long-cherished dreams come true in brick and stone and busy streets and sheltered parks.

But the real problem is the reconstruction of the social order so that in it may be visibly embodied the ideals of the Christian faith. The religion that we have seen "up in heaven," the great insight that God is love and that man was made to love, must come down to earth and be expressed in the entire social, industrial, and political order. Human society must be reconstituted on the basis, not of happiness, or health, or comfort, or bare justice, but on the basis of love. Are we ready for all the social and economic and political changes that reconstruction will involve? Are we ready to consider again the relations, labor and capital, the organizations of laboring men, the methods of modern governments, the relation of the white race to the yellow race, and to consider all these prob-

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lems in the light of what Christian love demands of those who profess it?

The Archbishop of York during his visit to America deliberately abstained from the easy methods of denunciation. "The war," he said, "is a great opportunity out of which to build up the greatest power in human life—and that is the element of love. A love for the divine Right, a love for one's fellow-men, a love for peoples of other lands—only by cultivating universal love can the new world be built upon great and lasting foundations."

Strangely enough, almost at the same time there came a corresponding voice out of Germany, showing that even in the land that sings hymns of hate there are some who have not bowed the knee. It is the voice of a writer of fiction, Leonhard Frank, who says: "The enemy is not the Englishman or the Frenchman or the Russian. The enemy is ourselves. Want of love, that is the enemy, that is the cause of all wars. Europe is mad because she no longer knows how to love."

There is in all the world to-day a passion-

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ate, but mistaken cry for mere justice. It is no wonder that humanity, groaning under long slavery and cruel wrong, should cry out for justice. Men are seeing clearly that modern charity covers a multitude of sins, that the giving of doles to the poor can never abolish poverty, and that much of our philanthropy is but patching up of an outworn garment. Hence the cry, "Not charity, but justice." Hence the resentment against ostentatious welfare work, and the scorn for professional uplifters, and the demand for something more fundamental than improving the condition of the poor. Hence many men have cut off their subscriptions to mere relief work and have flung themselves into the crusade for social justice. But will the establishment of justice alone mean the coming of the Kingdom?

In a game of chess we see perfect justice ruling all the movements on the checquered board. Each piece perfectly observes the rules of the game. Each bishop keeps on his own white or black squares. No knight ever encroaches unlawfully on his opponent. Each small pawn is safe from illegal attack

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by king or queen. Charity in the game is unthinkable; laws established centuries ago govern each wooden figure as it advances or retreats. With what result? With the result of a dehumanized, mechanical relation of all the pieces to one another, a wooden society destitute of all the ardent sympathies and glowing loyalties that mark the humblest human family in the smallest human home. Bare justice suffices for a game, but not for human life. Men are not pawns, and "in the course of justice no one of us should see salvation." A society held together by bare justice would have no oppression, no tyranny, and also no sympathy, no gratitude, no joyous devotion to home or native land. Bare justice is a prospect from which all men would shrink if they could once see it established. "Each to count as one and none as more than one"—that is the dreary millennium of the English utilitarians. It is a state in which each lonely man gets his rights and no man truly comes alive. It is as illusory as the giving of suffrage to the colored race in the Southern States, while giving them nothing more. Of all men per-

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haps the most unhappy is the man who has gotten his rights and gotten no vital union with his fellow men, no cooperative share in the great human task.

Hence religion offers vastly more than justice. It offers us the irresistible dynamic of love. It brings out of the sky the transforming faith that the binding force of the universe is love, and that the only adequate reconstructive force in society is that same pervading resistless love. The only reason why we reject love as weak, as mawkish and impracticable, is that we do not know what love is.

Some men deliberately propose a world-order based on fear. Since wrongs may at any time be committed, they propose that each class in society shall organize for its own defense and shall endeavor to be stronger than the class which may threaten encroachment. They propose that the nations of the earth shall live in a perpetual preparedness for defensive—which always includes offensive—war. They honestly believe that the only safety lies in creating and maintaining in each nation a universal fear.

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The nation in whom that fear is most acute will thus be the safest. If nation A doubles its navy, nation B with enlightened fear must also double its navy, which will force nation A to another increase, and so on, world without end. Practically, this means that in a group of half a dozen great powers each one must be stronger than the other five. And all six nations must base their entire national life on an all-pervading, ever-present fear. Such a civilization is obviously doomed to ever recurrent wars; what it persistently fears and constantly plans for it will surely get. There are only three possible bases for human society: mutual fear which keeps men asunder, mutual hatred which drives them into constant collision, and mutual regard which induces them to combine and cooperate. Have we not long enough tried fear and hate?

But we have only dimly understood, or persistently misunderstood, what love is. Surely, it is not supine resignation to evil. It is not maudlin tenderness toward wrongdoers. It is the most active and aggressive and unflinching of all the forces with which

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we have to reckon. How often have we read the phrase "faith, hope, and charity" as if the three virtues were arranged as an anti-climax! We have understood it to mean "faith, hope, and a bread-line." Faith is the all-achieving quality of the explorer, the inventor, the leader of men. Hope is the radiant energy of great spirits. And the love which is greater than both cannot be a gelatinous complacency, or a willingness to drop a dole in a poor man's hat.

Love is absolutely relentless. It is the "hound of heaven," ever following the human scent. Love can punish children and childish men. Love can cry, "Ye serpents! Ye vipers!" Love can force a surgical operation when only steel can banish disease. Love can knock down the madman without ceasing for a moment to love him. Love can restrain by force the drunken man or the drunken nation without any surrender to the bitterness of hatred. The God who is perfect love is also a consuming fire. His love counts among its resources both his heaven and his hell.

While I am writing these words a friend

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asks: "Can you really love a man while you are running him through with a bayonet?" That is a fair question which is answered in every hospital when the surgeon drives the knife into a human body, as the only way of bringing release from pain. And if a cancerous growth has fastened itself upon the vitals of a nation, then to cut out whole regiments with cold steel may be the only way of saving that nation from a disease which means death to itself and peril to all humanity.

Instead of painting love as blind, we should picture it with radiant, far-seeing eyes. Love sees evil and is unafraid. It blinks no fact in all the world of reality. It wears no blinders as it faces the grim and terrifying world. Just because it sees so deeply, it believes so unquenchably. It sees the cruelty and greed and lust in man, but it sees the man behind the lust and cruelty and greed. It sees the depths to which men have fallen, and it sees that only a being so great could have fallen so low. "Are you going to drink like men or like beasts?" said a visitor to a company of men in a tavern.

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“What do you mean?” came the answer: “Of course we shall drink like men.” “Then you are going to get drunk,” said the visitor, “for beasts never do that.” Love sees in the very descent of man a proof of his power to ascend. It is an inexpugnable faith that the wrongs men commit are the measure of their possible righteousness.

Love transforms society by enabling men ultimately to conquer their enemies. Merely to fight our enemies and do nothing more is to rouse them to utmost hostility. “That which resists, supports.” To march upon the foe with an army, and do no more, is to call forth all his reserves. To hate him is to call out answering hatred. To love him indefatigably and uncompromisingly, to love his inner self behind that hateful exterior, and by relentless love to make him at last lovable—that is the attack against which human nature is defenseless. If the enemy once realizes that nothing he can do can stop our loving him, nothing stop the projection toward him of scorn for his cruelty and persistent faith in his better self, he is forced to surrender. Against such strange and in-

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credible tactics there is no final defense for men or nations. When Jesus under the olives of Gethsemane addressed to Judas the one word "Friend," the traitor and the soldiers with him went backward and fell to the ground. Had Jesus cried "Traitor," there would have been instant attack upon him. But when he looked beyond the treachery to the latent loyalty in the soul, the miscreants were disarmed and flung to the earth by the strange assault of love. "Stranger to our age, Jesus was strange to his own; so strange that men were driven either to crucify him or else to take up the cross themselves."

It is vastly easier to go over wholly into the method of Jesus than to go part way. If we balance love and hate, if we say we will love men so far as they deserve our love, and hate them so far as they oppose us, we are left confused and powerless. We get neither the results of the Galilean nor those of the Corsican, neither the victory of love nor that of power. But when we go completely "over the top," when we say with the dying Edith Cavell, "Patriotism," that is, limited, local-

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ized devotion, "is not enough; I must die without hatred or bitterness toward anyone," we have passed over into the irresistible might of the method of Jesus, and the enemy is conquered, though he may not know it. Hatred must surrender the moment it is sure that love never will.

"Whether the time be slow or fast,
 Enemies hand in hand
Must come together at the last
 And understand.

"No matter how the die is cast,
 Or who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last—
 Why not begin?"

The tremendous sentiment of nationality has swept over the world in recent years as a great emancipator of souls. It has made the obscurest day laborer feel his participation in a million other lives, his responsibility for future centuries. He has become a partner with the generations before and after, and is dignified and ennobled beyond measure. But this sentiment of nationality is only a partial realization of Christian love.

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“Thou shalt love thy neighbor” is not a doom to a repulsive task; it is a summons to an expansion of personality, a release of spiritual power, a citizenship of the world. All the higher commandments of religion are releases of the human spirit. They never shut us in with the past, but summon us to emerge from yesterday and create to-morrow.

Is it not a most significant thing that the whole human race is to-day dreaming of a League of Nations as the inevitable outcome of the Combat of Nations? Any particular scheme for a League we can riddle with objections. It is premature, fantastic, chimerical, unsound—yet somehow it will not down! It is a dream cherished by millions who before the Great War never heard of it. Fifty years ago men whispered it in peace conferences and were ignored as harmless visionaries. Twenty years ago diplomats and statesmen began to look into the matter with languid interest. Now we are swept toward some such international organization by irresistible tides. The sorrows of the grieving world, the millions of widows, orphans, and cripples, command us to find

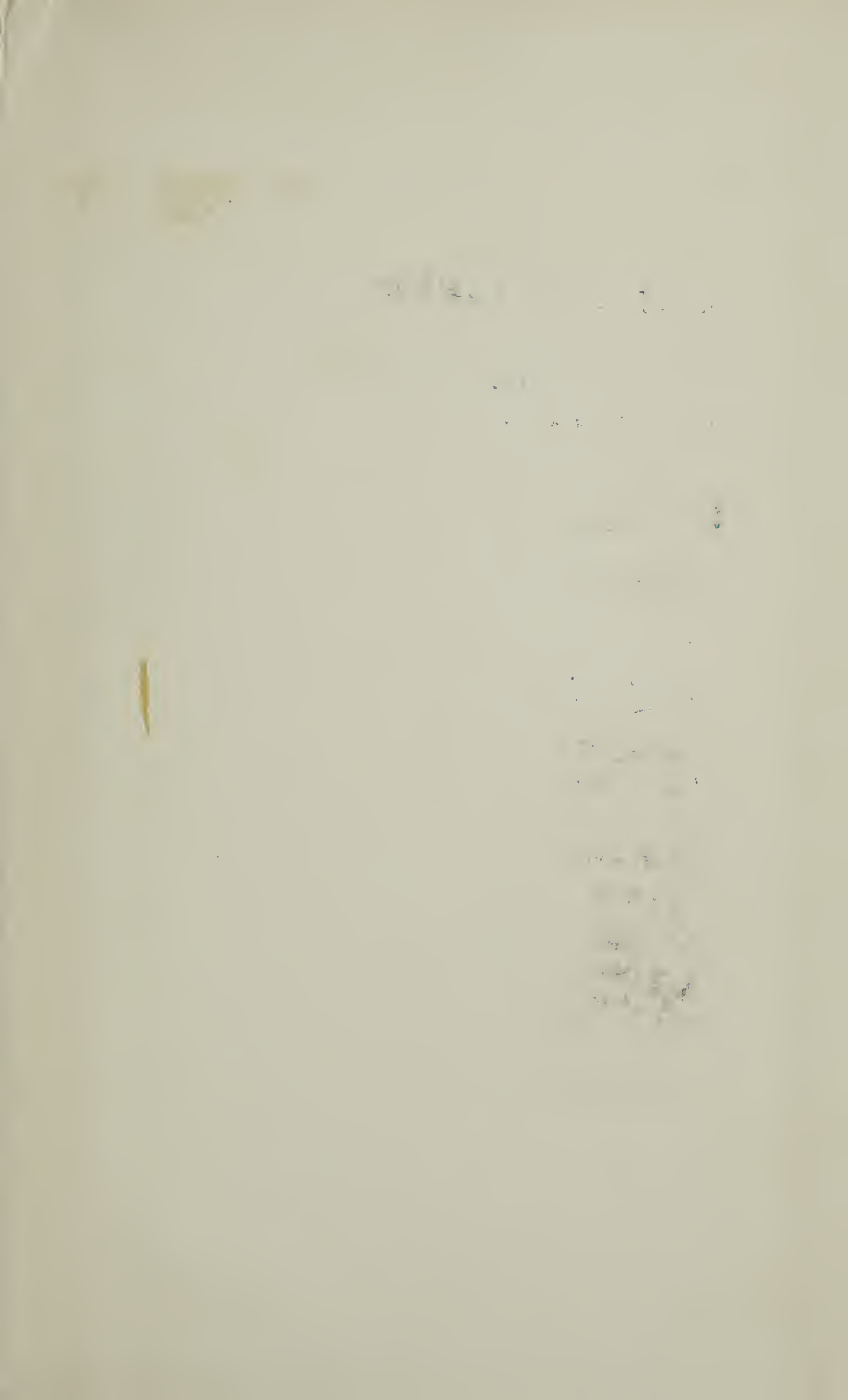
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a better way of living together on a planet which grows smaller every year. Cool-headed statesmen begin to entertain and ponder the plans of the visionaries. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour said at Edinburgh, "While I recognize the difficulties, I think it mean and cowardly to shrink from them, and I hope the civilized world will take that great problem seriously and see it through." In his opinion the mean and cowardly are not those who would abolish war, but those who do not desire to abolish it. The cowardly are those who shrink from any pact of peace because they are still manacled by ancestral fears.

In the same line is the declaration of Frederick Edwin Smith, Attorney-General of Great Britain, who, after pointing out many difficulties in the path of any international covenant, yet said: "It is worth while trying for an ideal. It is better to hitch your wagon to a star than to a machine gun." Truly that is the alternative: either we go back to the bludgeon of the savage, now skillfully transformed into a rapid-firing gun, which would settle all problems with-

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out appeal to any law or reason, or we go forward on a dim but star-lit path to the new earth. Do we dare to go? The real religion of valor is the religion of Jesus. With unquenchable audacity it undertakes its sublime task. Columbus found a new world; we must construct one. We dedicate ourselves to that creative task.



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